THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE DYING SOLDIER.

Dedicated to Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

Three years ago the sunshine lay
Upon the broad Ohio's breast,
And on the violet scented air
Sweet bells rang in the day of rest.

Softly the same bright sunshine lay
Upon the holy house of God,
But not as erst it's hallowed courts
By cheerful worshippers were trod.

Low moans of pain and stifled sobs
Came from the narrow beds where lay
The sick and wounded gathered from
Donelson's blood-bought victory.

Amid that pale and suffering throng
A youthful soldier dying lay,
The light upon his patient face
Told of a heaven not far away.

No mother's hand was there to smooth
The pillow for his aching head;
No father's voice to whisper cheer
When he the shadowy vale must tread.

One kindly stranger had been there,
Whose gentle face had often shone
A star upon his loneliness,
But even she that day was gone.

He missed the sunlight of her smile,—
The music of her liquid tone,
That oft his Saviour's love had sung—
Mid all that throng he was alone.

Alone! ah, no! a dearer far
Than father, mother, sister stood,
Beside his bed the soldier saw
His Captain there—the Son of God.

What matter if but strangers saw
The glory dawning in his eye,
As cheerfully he bade them "tell
His friends he did not fear to die."

"Give them my love,"—fainter his voice—
"My dying blessing,"—silence fell,
Then softly on the sunny air
Rung out the noon's triumphal bell.

Still lie the curls of soft brown hair
That cluster round his marble brow,—
The clear blue eyes are folded up—
He needs no earthly comfort now.

When from his mid-day throne of light
The Sabbath sun in splendor shone,
Upon a still white face it fell—
Soldier and Captain both were gone.

Far—far beyond the storm of war—
Beyond earth's sorrow, sin, and strife,
Where floats the starry flag of peace
From bastions of eternal life.

EVE ISLE:

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM-DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

The window-blinds of the substantial but unostentatious residence, No. —— Washington Square, were closed, and a streamer of black crape fluttered from the door-knob. A certain office, too, on South street, which was wont to be the scene of stirring activity through the business hours of the day, was still unopened, though the sun was riding at high noon; and a beautiful brigantine lying at the pier near by, bearing upon her white house flag a gigantic "I," displayed the national ensign at half-mast, where it lazily drooped in the still sultry air of midsummer.

It would have occurred to any one, not too much preoccupied to observe these funeral indications that Death had again stretched forth his hand and returned a man to the dust from whence he sprung, and that this time one had fallen, belonging to that comparatively small class, whose demise seems to leave a temporary gap in the great world of the living.

Such was the case, and the city papers had the preceding morning each devoted a brief paragraph to recording the death of Hugh Illdreth, long known to commercial circles as a worthy and able commander, an extensive merchant and ship-owner, an upright and successful man, who commenced the world as a cabin-boy, and fought his way upward till he had gained an honorable name in his profession, and a princely fortune even for this golden age.

The complimentary resolutions passed by the Chamber of Commerce that summer's day, were the heartfelt sentiments of those who had long known and respected him whose memory they thus honored, and the long line of carriages that defiled down Fulton street, following the hearse with its one inanimate passenger to the funeral gate of Greenwood, were filled by those to whom the intelligence of Captain Illdreth's death had brought a feeling of sincere regret. So the world in which he had lived and labored so well and so faithfully, arose to do honor to his memory, after which, as will be the case with the best of us, it wiped its eyes and put up its pocket-handkerchief.

But notwithstanding the residence at Washington Square was closed, agreeable to social fiat, it was not deserted. Within the old-fashioned library, which contained, beside its literary treasures, a multitude of those grotesque specimens of nature and art with which men who have been "down to the sea in ships" delight to decorate their dwellings, were two gentlemen.

The elder was apparently somewhat advanced in years, and his grave, thoughtful face, with its unmistakably legal look, so peculiar to the old lawyer, established his connection with that profession.

The other was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, with an intelligent and expressive rather than decidedly handsome face, which just then wore a look of seriousness which did not seem to belong to it, though it accorded well with the sombre but elegant garments in which he was habited. The whole *personelle* and bearing of the younger gentleman indicated him to be a polished, thorough-bred man of the world, familiar with society in all its phases—one who had made human nature a study, and had profited by it, but as yet had known little of any incentive to energetic action.

Such, to a casual observer, was Mr. Wayne Illdreth, and his legal adviser, Solomon Wreathe.

"So I am to understand you, Mr. Wreathe," Mr. Illdreth said, "that the death of my uncle, who has been indeed a father to me, has left me the heir to his fortune, or the greater part of it."

"Of the greater part of it!" repeated Mr. Wreathe, as he methodically replaced in a little portable safe a bundle of paper he had been consulting. "Of all of it, indeed, except the brig Calypso, and a handsome legacy to that strange dark-browed girl, Eve Isle. But all this does not surprise you particularly, I suppose."

"Yes and no! I have certainly anticipated, for a number of years, that I should be remembered in my uncle's will, but I also supposed that my cousin, Captain Gale, who was a protege of his, and had moreover adopted his own profession, would have been at least an equal sharer with myself, and I cannot say that I am pleased that such is not the case. There was sufficient for both of us."

"The sentiment does you credit, and such was originally your uncle's intention, but he read men well, and something that he discovered in Captain Gale's composition induced him to alter his determination, and you perceive, from the wording of this will I have just read to you, that nothing save the Calypso, which he commands, is to go to him except in the event of your death, when he will become your heir. I don't like that last provision."

"May I inquire why?"

"Certainly, but you will pardon me for not giving a reason for all I say, though I might as well admit frankly that I should rather have had matters so arranged that Ralph Gale could not be the gainer by your death."

"You are all wrong in any suspicion of that kind, Wreathe. I have known Ralph from a child. He has been dissipated, and, to some extent, reckless, no doubt, but he is also brave and generous, and has the reputation of being an efficient commander, though a somewhat stern disciplinarian. I would trust my life to his honor."

"Well, I would not, which only goes to prove that men differ in opinion. But enough of this. You are certainly competent to determine whom you will trust. And now to business again. You will remember, perhaps, that there was a certain condition mentioned in your uncle's testament, upon which you were to succeed as his heir, if at all."

"I have not forgotten. The will stated that the condition, whatever it may be, was set forth in a certain letter, which would be given me by you, his chief executor, three days after his death."

"Exactly. Well, it is now three days since Captain Illdreth died, and here is the letter which has been in my custody these many years," said the lawyer, producing a missive which Wayne perceived was directed to himself in his uncle's handwriting. He opened it and read as follows:

MY DEAR BOY:—I have this day, by will, constituted you my heir; but there is a certain service which I require of you, and to explain it I must open a sealed page in my history.

Five years ago, while on a trading voyage to the Sandwich Islands, I met at Honolulu a young lady, the daughter of an Italian merchant residing there. My acquaintance with her quickly ripened into an attachment on my part, the first I had ever formed for a woman. She professed to reciprocate it, and as her father offered no opposition, we were married, and soon after set sail for the states.

We were just on the point of departure, when an English gentleman whom I had frequently met in Honolulu, announced that business called him unexpectedly to New York, and desired to take passage with us, to which, I, of course, willingly assented.

I have no desire to refer to this part of my chequered life at any length. Suffice it to say, ere we had been two weeks at sea, an accident revealed the terrible truth, that my wife was not only false, but that my passenger was an old lover, who had first suggested her marriage with me as a convenient means whereby the monetary necessities of both might be readily supplied.

There was something so cruelly heartless in the plot, that it suggested a cruel punishment.

I did not kill the wretch and his paramour, but I locked them in their state-rooms, and widely altering the course of my vessel, steered away toward the heart of the great Pacific.

I discovered a small desert island, seldom, if ever before visited by a ship, and there I left them with a few necessaries, to supply their immediate wants.

I never returned to look for them, and never intended to. They could not starve, and perpetual imprisonment was but a just retribution for their crime—at least so said my ship's company, before whom I laid the whole matter, and who one and all voluntarily entered into a solemn promise, never to mention it or the fact of my marriage. They kept their word, and to this day it is known to no one on this continent, except Mr. Wreathe, to whom I have just imparted the secret.

Now, what I require is, that at my death you will procure a suitable vessel, upon any pretext you choose, and go to the island, of which I herewith furnish you the exact latitude and longitude. Should *they* or either of them still survive, restore them to the world again in which I trust their punishment will have better fitted them to live. This may seem a strange service to require of you, but whatever you may think of the absurdity of the object of the voyage, the voyage itself will do you no harm, and you will find a fund which I have religiously set apart for that object, ample sufficient to meet every possible expense.

One thing farther. I wish you to lose no time unnecessarily in executing this commission, after you receive this letter. Affectionately yours, HUGH ILLDRETH.

"A strange service indeed!" Wayne said, as he laid down the letter and leaned thoughtfully back in his chair. "I never dreamed that my uncle had been married, much less that he had written such an episode in his history."

"Captain Illdreth was not a man given to parading either his joys or sorrows before the world," said the lawyer dryly. "What do you propose to do? This request or command is known only to you and I, and might be overlooked I suppose without committing the unpardonable sin."

"My uncle's wish must be complied with," Wayne answered decisively, "with its wisdom or absurdity I have nothing to do."

"Good!" said the other, a genial smile lighting up his study-lined face. "I thought I had estimated you correctly, but fancied no harm could come from putting your virtue and natural indolence to the test by a little experiment such as we lawyers learn to use when occasion requires."

"It was hardly fair though to clap a fellow into the balance so unceremoniously," Wayne said smiling, "I might have had an unusually lazy fit on, and for want of showing alacrity in carrying out my uncle's request, depreciate, like fancy stocks in a panic, in the estimation of my worthy legal adviser."

"You might, but you didn't, so it was well to have you weighed, but you have had too large a share of my time to-day, already Mr. Wayne Illdreth, so I shall tell you good-evening. You can come round to the office to-morrow if you think of a rational question or two, but I've no leisure for nonsense."

"Thank you for a very equivocal compliment," said the young man, good-humoredly, as he cordially grasped his companion's hand and conducted him to the door.

CHAPTER II.

Wayne Illdreth had scarcely returned to the library after parting with his friend, when a servant announced Captain Gale.

The young man changed color slightly. He had not met his cousin since the contents of his uncle's will had been made known, and could only conjecture in what spirit he would bear the disappointment he must naturally feel, on learning how comparatively meagre was his portion. But Wayne's conscience acquitted him of having in any respect been instrumental in injuring Ralph's prospects—consequently there was no reason why he should wish to avoid an interview with one for whom he had personally a warm regard, and in a few moments Ralph entered.

Ralph Gale was a splendid specimen of a man—at least so far as externals went. Tall and compactly built, without being encumbered with a superfluity of flesh, he seemed to combine great physical strength with unusual activity, if one might judge from his restless, mercurial manner. He had a handsome face, partially shaded by dark curling hair, and a luxuriant beard and moustache of the same sombre hue; but his most noticeable feature was his eye, which was black, piercing and magnetic—and there were few who cared to encounter its furious blaze when passion had obtained a temporary mastery over him.

That Captain Gale was brave, daring and energetic, the most casual observer could not doubt, and that he was born to command, and to keep in complete subjection, spirits only less turbulent than his own, was perfectly palpable to those who witnessed the complete discipline he maintained over his ship's company—which was usually made up of such reckless and abandoned characters as few others cared to employ, as though he delighted to show his own ability to bring order out of such chaos.

But with all this pleasing exterior and intellectual power, there sometimes lurked in his eyes an expression that indicated faithlessness, cruelty, and a tireless persistency in following out any object to the accomplishment of which he had given his versatile and comprehensive mind.

The faint shadow of such an expression lingered on his face as he entered the presence of his cousin—but it was gone in an instant, and with a frank, cordial smile, he extended his hand, white and delicate as a woman's, notwithstanding his rough profession.

"Well, Wayne, my boy," he said, "you see I have lost no time unnecessarily in hastening to offer my congratulations upon your good fortune. I only heard of it about an hour ago, and fearing you might imagine I was troubled with some unhappy twinges of jealousy, or other equally unamiable emotions, I am here to speak for myself."

"Thank you, Ralph—and you will, I am sure, give me credit for sincerity, when I tell you I should have been much better pleased had the old gentleman been more generous with you—but you know the contents of his will, I dare say, and so will understand why I do not rectify any mistakes he may have made in that direction."

The sinister look flashed over Ralph's face again, but it was gone almost as soon as it came, and he continued in the same light careless tone in which he had first spoken—

"Oh, yes, I know all about the will. I encountered Wreathe, that jolly old compound extract of law, who informed me how matters stood, probably under the impression that it was an act of Christian charity to put a poor devil out of the misery of suspense. But don't imagine I took the matter to heart."

"But I do," Wayne said, his own natural generosity stimulated by the other's seeming frankness and good nature.

"You need not, Mr. Wayne—and on the whole I am inclined to think the dear departed showed his good sense in leaving the guinea bags to some one who could take care of them, and who would know what church to support—what subscriptions to head—what miscellaneous beggars to make happy, &c.—all of which is as completely out of my line as preaching."

"Nevertheless a more equal distribution of those same guinea bags would have been decidedly more to my liking," pursued Wayne rather moodily, "it was a larger fortune than I cared to inherit, and—"

"Marry, then," Ralph said, interrupting him, "and get some one to help you through with the task of disbursing it, if you doubt your own ability to do it in a creditable manner; but don't worry about me. Havn't I been left sole proprietor of as pretty a little craft as ever floated, and one that I love as most men do women? If I can't make my own way from such a beginning, I don't deserve the smiles of Providence—"

"Well, I am glad to see you take such a philosophical view of the matter. I was half afraid this unfortunate will might have produced some coolness between us, which I should have deeply regretted. But, by the way, I suppose you would not object to employing your Calypso upon a profitable service for a year, or for aught I know, two of them?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow, profitable employment for myself and my Calypso is precisely what I desire—not only for one year or two, but for all time, till both of us go to our final resting place beneath the blue water; and if you can put me in the way of such a thing, Jacob shall be forgiven for obtaining Esau's blessing."

"I think I can do that, Ralph. In the first place I must tell you that our uncle left a written request—almost a command—that I should make a voyage to a certain island in the South Pacific—of course for an object—which you will pardon me for not specifying, as the secret is not mine. Many years ago he religiously set aside a fund for this purpose; it was judiciously invested, and no doubt accumulated faster than he was aware. At all events I have reason to believe that it now amounts to little, if any short of fifty thousand dollars."

Ralph's manner underwent a sudden change, and notwithstanding the perfect control he almost invariably maintained over his face, his surprise and interest were strangely apparent.

"An Island in the South Pacific! only to be visited after his death! funds appropriated for the voyage!" he said slowly, as though unconsciously giving utterance to fragmentary thought. "What in the name of mystery is all this?"

"As I just said, that it is not my secret," Wayne hesitatingly answered; "at least I should scarcely feel justified in explaining the matter more fully at present."

"Certainly not. Of course I did not mean to ask you to betray confidence. Sometimes old sailors have secrets worth keeping. There are islands scattered all over the Southern seas, which at one time and another have been visited by buccaneers, ancient and modern. Now and then the knowledge of a hidden hoard comes to the ears of an honest man, who would not roam the ocean as a freebooter himself, but sees no objection to making use of what has been obtained in that way, particularly where the chances are small of its ever reaching the rightful owner in consequence of dead men's proverbial disinclination to gossip."

"You are wide of the mark this time," Wayne said, laughing; "but that's of little consequence. The question is, can I secure the services of yourself and vessel for this cruise?"

"One would not be apt to reject an offer of this kind: but do you really wish me to believe this Island story, or have you invented a pleasant fiction for the purpose of putting into my pocket a very pretty sum which was never intended to go there by its late owner?"

"I am only telling you the simple truth. The sum I mentioned was, as I have stated, religiously set apart for this purpose, and of right belongs to the man who can aid me in the accomplishment of my uncle's wishes, and of course I had rather it would go to you than to any other."

"If that is the case I willingly accept your proposal, and you have my sincere thanks for putting this neat thing in my way," Ralph answered in his usual voice; but his manner was hurried and abstracted, and it would have been perfectly manifest to any less partial eyes than his cousin's, that the affair had awakened a far deeper interest in his mind than he cared for some reason to express—and after a brief interval he plead an engagement and took his departure, promising to call the following day and arrange any details that might require consideration.

Having gained the street, Ralph's manner underwent a still greater change, and the dark look whose shadow had so lately lingered on his face, swept over and mantled it like a black cloud.

"Ah! Wayne Illdreth!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "you have played your part well! You have turned away from me the heart of the only father I ever knew, and gained my inheritance to yourself; but as the devil orders it, not content with what you already have, you must needs explore the Pacific Islands for some pirate's treasure, and require the services of myself and my ship. All promises well. The ocean is a treacherous friend and a terrible foe. Those who voyage sometimes never return, and if I should by *chance* outlive you—"

Ralph stopped—looked quickly around as though half suspecting he had been overheard—and then with a darker, wickeder smile than had ever before disguised a face never intended by nature to be marred by such passions he pursued his way down town, and an hour later was deep in the contemplation of some project in the privacy of his own cabin on board the Calypso.

CHAPTER III.

Ralph Gale had the misfortune to be a posthumous child, his young mother having been widowed six months before his birth. She had been devotedly attached to her husband, and their married life had been filled with calm content and almost unalloyed happiness. For ten years she remained true to his memory—and then, to the surprise of every one, perhaps her own, she suddenly accepted the hand of Raphael Isle, a young gentleman who made his appearance in the village in which she resided—no one knew from whither, though he represented himself as a Cuban, and was apparently in affluent circumstances.

An elegant and thoroughly accomplished man Mr. Isle certainly was, and it was unmistakably evident that he had been familiar with polished circles; but there was an indescribable something in his face and manner that at times repelled those with whom he came in contact, though he possessed a strange power of fascination when he chose to exercise it; and the feeling prevailed very generally that Mrs. Isle was not happy in her new relation, and that in some unaccountable way she had been forced into it by a certain nameless power this singular dark man had over her will.

It was said, and to a great extent believed, that over the actions and even the thoughts of his wife Mr. Isle held almost boundless control. It was asserted by many persons not unduly credulous, that from another part of the house, or even of the village, he could bring her into his presence by a mere exercise of volition, and the family servants told mysterious stories of how, by a motion of the hand or a glance of the eye, he could fix her immovable in any position

he pleased, and were firm in the belief that he could govern all her senses in the same mysterious manner, until she heard, saw and *felt* only as he willed.

It is probable that in this, as in most cases, rumor lost nothing by repetition; but it was also beyond question that the individual whose eccentricities gave occasion for such gossip pursued a path that diverged very widely from the common track of humanity; and just in proportion as his strange gifts, for which science now offers at least an approximate solution, were above the comprehension of his rural neighbors, he was shunned—by some as a man whose intellect had been partially dethroned, and who might be left to commit nameless atrocities; by others, as one who, for the pleasure of exercising mystical sway over the actions, perhaps the destinies, of his fellow creatures, had entered into an infernal compact with the Powers of Darkness.

It is not unlikely that, to a certain extent, Mrs. Isle was a sharer in this popular belief concerning her husband—at all events, she was never the same after her ill-starred marriage, and the look of quiet, subdued sorrow her face had been wont to wear since her widowhood, had given place to an expression of grave anxiety and doubt. Ere a twelve-month had passed, it was painfully obvious to all who saw her apart from her husband, or who shared her confidence, that the chain she wore galled her sorely—and still, with an unaccountable inconsistency, when in her husband's presence, she was apparently the happiest, most loving, fondly cherished of wives.

People shook their heads, and hinted vaguely that Mr. Isle had inoculated his wife with his own dark mental virus, and that Death was the only avenue whereby she could hope to escape some fearful form of insanity, that few liked to talk about, and no one pretended to understand.

Such was the situation of this domestic circle when it was enlarged to make room for a tiny morsel of humanity. A furious tempest raged without, although it was midsummer, on little Eve's natal night—the storm spirit seemed to have collected in demoniac conclave—the red glare of the lightning lit up the apartment where her eyes first opened upon the world, with its manifold weariness, and her first feeble wail was drowned in a crushing peal of thunder, that the startled attendants cowered down in affright, and the poor, pale mother, weak and exhausted with the pangs of maternity, fell back upon her pillow in a death-like swoon, from which she awakened only to wander for days in wild delirium.

Mrs. Isle recovered her reason; but for this poor little waif of the tempest she never had a mother's love or tenderness, and soon came to regard her with an antipathy which she was incapable of concealing, if indeed she cared to. Gossip said it was because of the wonderful resemblance the child bore to her father. She had the same faultlessly chiselled features, the same strange eyes, that seemed to look into the future, and with the first dawn of intelligence, began to shadow forth his wierd, mental gifts, which in her were essentialized and intensified, giving her a precocity of intellect as painful to the observer as it was singular in one of her years. God's wisdom alone could say why this child, with her wondrous, but sad intellectual endowments, and wild, stormy passions, was given life only to be deprived of all that could make it tolerable—even a mother's love.

Eve advanced in years, a lonely, desolate child, whom all avoided for her singularities, which they could not fathom. Sometimes, in his own odd way, her father noticed and caressed her, and the young heart opened at once to receive the stream of affection that flowed so seldom through the scorched desert in which she wandered, and where there seemed no great rock to cast a cooling shadow for the tired, bewildered little traveller.

At ten, Eve Isle perfectly understood her position in the household. The bitter knowledge had come to her that she was an object of aversion to her mother and brother, both of whom she cordially hated in return, and lost no opportunity of annoying. She seemed to know anything she desired to by intuition—little family secrets, that were attempted to be studiously kept from her knowledge, she learned, how, no human being could imagine, and divulged, for the express purpose of exciting the anger of her mother, which it was her delight to brave.

Once, and once only, did Mrs. Isle attempt to forcibly control her, and then a knife, hurled with the rapidity of lightning, just grazed the mother's cheek, and sunk half the length of the blade in the wall behind her. With that act, Eve established her independence, and henceforth was complete mistress of her own actions, with which no one dared to interfere, and yet passionate and unlovely as she was, there sometimes shown from her eyes an expression of utter loneliness and sad longing which should have touched the hearts of those to whose guardianship she had fallen, and taught them that love was the magic wand with which to curb the erratic and rebellious spirit.

Eve was eleven years old and such as I have described here, when Captain Illdreth paid his first visit to his sister, after her second marriage. In the strange little being so elfish and sprite-like, and so startlingly precocious, he was at once warmly interested, and the child's sinless life was lighted at last by the consciousness that there was one who cared for her, and all the pent-up affection of her intense but unschooled nature went out to him.

He remained but a week, and when he left he took Eve with him, much to the gratification of Mrs. Isle, who could not conceal her satisfaction at this unexpected deliverance from her greatest earthly trial except her husband.

Captain Illdreth would have placed his charge under proper female supervision, but she would not be separated from her newly-found friend, and at last yielded to her passionate entreaties, he took her with him to sea. On the ocean, she seemed to have found her element. The howling tempest and rushing waves, and the thousand dangers from which even strong men recoil, seemed to have for her a mysterious fascination, and often when the storm was at its height, and the creaking timbers and straining cordage told of their danger, she was flying like a spirit from one part of the vessel to another, in a sort of mental exhilaration, that rendered her an object of wonder, as she was of supreme admiration to the officers and crew, and ere her first voyage was at an end, there was not a sail or spar of which she did not know the name and use.

Eve continued to roam the ocean with her uncle for four years, when he finally abandoned the sea, and took up his permanent abode on shore. Soon after this, Wayne Illdreth returned from a European tour, upon which he had been idly engaged ever since Eve had been under his uncle's protection. For her cousin she at once conceived a violent liking, and it was returned with an almost equal ardor, although the young gentleman, fresh from brilliant European circles, to which he had had the *entree*, would have found it difficult to account for the fascination she had for him.

It was true her unusual physical beauty would have interested any one, but there was so much that was repellant in her strange, mental gifts and erratic life, that he found himself pondering over an enigma not readily solved. He knew that for years she had been upon the ocean, mingling freely with seamen, and seeing little other society, yet her manners, if not polished, evinced nothing of awkwardness or rusticity, and her bearing indicated gentle blood as unmistakeably as did ever a queen's.

Wayne at once gave himself to the agreeable task of studying out this seeming incongruity of circumstances, while Eve happy in the knowledge that she had a place in his regard, gave herself up to a delightful dream which she had no language to express, and was soon as pliant in his hands as the clay in those of the artisan who moulds it.

Little by little, partly from hearsay, partly from observation, he learned the leading incidents of her life, and his scientific research and extensive though desultory reading of metaphysical German lore, enabled him to arrive at a partial solution of what seemed so inexplicable to others in her character. That she inherited powers of mind quite beyond the comprehension of the world in its present state of culture, he was soon convinced; that she possessed the same attributes of personal fascination that had rendered her father an object of fear and aversion, he could assert from his own experience, and was startled at the discovery—that she was a frequent somnambule and did all manner of strange things while in that state, was a matter of household gossip, and that she was intensely clairvoyant, he was prepared to believe, though he questioned whether she suspected her power in that direction, and he wisely determined as far as possible to lead her mind into such channels as diverged the most widely from the mysterious river upon whose bosom she was unconsciously floating.

A year later, Captain Illdreth died, after a brief illness, and almost simultaneously her father suddenly disappeared. Her grief at the loss of her first friend was passionate, intense but tearless. So long as the body remained in the house she never left it, and when the grave had finally closed over him, she attached herself with renewed tenacity to her cousin as though the love she had given to her uncle had all come back, and having no other object, she had bestowed it, with all its treasures of wild uncontrollable affection upon him who already occupied so large a place in her clouded but fresh maiden heart. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Idlings.

"Has merit, but not enough for remuneration," said the talented head of a popular magazine, as a parcel was returned to the little authoress, who, with praiseworthy spirit, had, only a few weeks previous, come to this city of brotherly love—confident in His care who knoweth all, and feeling that He would be just as near as in her own rose-wreathed home. "Has merit, but lacks a name," said another. "Have you ever published? To tell the truth, unknown writers have little hope, till they have established a name, and then let them say what they will, it will be read with avidity." "We do not pay for poetry," said a third—"have enough on hand for the next five years." And so she was answered, this poor little one, that had thought to win her way, and keep from starving. "And what mattered if she did starve?" she had said to herself, as she walked out into the street, to be jostled by the crowd—who would care? Far, far away from her dear old home—friendless and alone—willing to do, but finding nothing. Others sold their wares; were they of finer clay, or more superior finish? she could not tell. She had done what she could; the clouds deepened, the sun was gone; it was dark, cold and dreary. Her strength was gone, and the blinding tears drenched the pale cheek. Hope had vanished, faith was well-nigh gone, and in the maze of doubt, and fear, and loneliness, the little one was lost, soon, and her eyes had closed. A slight breeze, a rift in the cloud, and a ray of light falls in her path. Strength returns—she will follow; it is a new path, she shudders, but hope has returned, she mounts the steps. It is a large room, with books and papers, a writing-table and two chairs. She takes one—the other is filled by a well-looking, gentlemanly man, with a kind voice, and still kinder manner. He has examined her wares; he sees nothing remarkable about them; still they are harmonious; he thinks he can use them, that he may want more; and the little heart is comforted; true it is not much—but a ray of light in the captive's cell is hailed with delight; she leaves her work, and promises to return with more—she thinks of her necessity, but she cannot demand a price; she knows little of the market value of such merchandise; she will trust to this man's goodness, this man that speaks kindly; but the tears are falling on her face—she cannot trust herself to say more—down the steps and into the street. It was not such a cross after all—the memory of his kindness was in her heart, she goes back to her room to her toil, she looks at the models he had furnished, she thinks she can do as well, she hopes he will see some merit in them, but alas, the enamels may refuse to melt, and a failure to please only render the darkness heavier than before. Cheer up, brave little heart, and follow where duty leads, not forgetting that every one who treads in untrodden paths must "grope in the dark"—at first; grope his way out of the cavern of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge. The path may be crooked; projecting rocks may be awkward and hindering, and inflict various contusions, but sooner or later if a brave and earnest soul he will find his way out.

But is it not strange, I said to myself, as I saw the struggle day by day, and felt how faithfully the little one worked moulding the clay—and staining it. Is it not strange that wares from an unknown, and obscure artist, if alike beautiful, and skillfully enameled, do not meet with the same favor, as when known to be made at the celebrated establishment of John, James, &c.—"so long, and so favorably known to the public?"

☞ When does the male portion of a congregation become female? When the *hims* are *her'd*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last nineteen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "The Dying Soldier at Donelson."

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY.

In a recent number of that interesting periodical, the "American Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular," we find a letter from Mr. Allibone relative to his great work, the Dictionary of Authors. Perhaps few of our readers have an idea of the immense labor of compiling such a dictionary with fairness and impartiality. In giving his reasons for the delay in issuing the second volume, and in reply to an English assertion that the authors were "chiefly American," Mr. Allibone says:—

"The names in this Dictionary are not 'chiefly American.' I doubt if of the 17,449 authors, more than 2,000 are American.

"So far was it from my design to write an American Dictionary that originally I designed to confine the book to British authors—perhaps with a few exceptions in favor of eminent writers of my own country. In fact, however, I have been more comprehensive: the book is not a peerage, but a directory.

"As you have courteously referred to my labors, and as many of my English friends are dissatisfied with the delay in the publication of the second volume of my work, I embrace this opportunity to explain the causes of that delay—more annoying to me, certainly, than it can be to any one else.

"1. The fact that there are many more authors of note, and without note, in the letters from K to Z than in the letters from A to J.

"2. The vast number of new authors and new editions of old books within the last few years.

"3. My desire to be so full that no one can justly charge me with important omissions.

"4. The fact that I am writing all my articles (in some of the earlier letters I had some contributions from others) with my own hand, without conference or co-operation of any kind. A very different matter this from merely editing a dictionary composed by a number of authors, each skilled in his own department.

"The letter S alone (there were about 700 Smiths) occupied me about twenty-two months, working as a rule from nine A. M. to six and later P. M., with intervals for meals, etc.

"As I have now been six months in the letter W, I trust that the completion of this the twelfth year of my absorbing and anxious toil will see me through the alphabet. Of course the insertion of new books, the completion of the forty indexes, and the superintendence of the press will require time—how much it is impossible to say.

"As it is the duty of a chronicler to record, of a critic to express, censure as well as praise, I cannot of course expect to please all readers—still less all authors; but so conscious do I feel of an earnest desire to do justice, so entirely free from all malevolence in the discharge of my office, that even of my best abused authors, there is none I feel afraid to meet—excepting the dead ones."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number of this Magazine opens with an engraving appropriate to the season, called "ON THE CLIFF." It is a beautiful picture of two lovers enjoying the repose and freshness of the sea-shore—and makes one long for the dash of the breakers against the rocks, and the smell of the salt waves. The Double Fashion Plate for this month is quite brilliant. The other engravings are the "Bridge of Sighs," and the usual number devoted to new styles of dress, &c. We give the

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MUSIC—Tyrrell Gallop.
THE SILENT NUN. By SOPHIE MAY.
ONE IS MISSING. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
STEPHEN COURTLAND'S PET. By ANNIE RUSSELL.
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WHY? TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY E. L.
WORN OUT. By R. S. CONEY.
THE BATTLE FIELD. By M. FLORELLA BISBEE.
NOVELTIES FOR JULY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4. To those desirous of making up clubs, specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Paying Off the National Debt.

Does it seem feasible to those who wish to see the National Debt speedily disposed of, to enter into Mr. Bennett's plan? To us, we have no hesitation in saying, that it appears simply ridiculous, from the point in which we view it. Shall we keep this debt standing for *forty years*, in order to pay it off by subscription after Mr. B.'s plan. It is more than likely that such will be the case if it does not progress more rapidly than it has in the outset.

Three thousand millions of dollars we call the debt. This three thousand million is to be divided into shares—three hundred thousand—to be sold for ten thousand dollars per share. It took nearly a week to get twenty-five subscribers. At such a rate—the liquidation of the debt seems removed almost from our generation, when we calculate that twenty-five subscribers per day (omitting Sundays) at ten thousand dollars per share, would take just *forty years* to pay off this vast debt of three thousand millions of dollars.

THE LINCOLN INSTITUTE.

Philadelphia has reason to feel proud of her many proofs of patriotism and humanity. She can claim the first and best "Soldiers Refreshment Saloon—the Fireman's Ambulance system, and the Union League. To these she has added the Lincoln Institute, where the poor crippled and maimed men who have risked life and limb for their country may be educated to various professions of usefulness—such as telegraph operating, book-keeping, copying, &c. This establishment is supported by voluntary contributions of the patriotic and benevolent public.

The Lincoln Institute was organized January 16th, 1865. Its attendance in February was 82—in March 94. Some of these have already obtained situations with good salaries, and are thus placed upon an independent footing in the world.

BUBBLES.

The purplish gray of twilight was robing the hills; the air was laden with the richest aroma of summer roses; the birds in the maples sang as sweetly, and the brook told as gladsome a song as of old, while every green grass plat and bright flower bore some message to the calm observer.

On a mossy stone by the brook's green-brim sat a little boy, with his cup and pipe in hand, listening to the birds, the music of the rippling water, meanwhile trying with all his little strength to catch one of those airy things floating away on the still air, and hold it in his hands. Away he ran fast as his little feet would carry him; nothing could tire his patience, or wear out his courage; and more than once the low brambles of the forest scratched his face sharply as he fell forward among them, but with fresh ardor he sprang up pursuing the bubble over hill and dale, slippery with dry grass; stopping at length by the side of a bubbling fountain, tears of fatigue and discouragement came into his eyes; then he dipped again his cup and blew bubbles, fairer and more brilliant than at first. Again he renewed his chase; but try as he would he could not grasp it. Thus the day passed, and the night found him still following the elusive bubbles. Poor child! "How short the time," he said, as he saw the gathering darkness, "I must go home, or they will be troubled about me; I do wish there was time for just one more bubble—I do so want one." And slowly he walked homeward, feeling that he had been hardly used; he only wanted one—very moderate in his wishes.

And not the child alone, who is intent on chasing bubbles; the bearded boy, the gay belle of fashion, manhood, and old age, each pursue it with the same ardor as the child.

Fame, wealth, admiration. How fair, and brilliant in the distance! How elusive the pursuit! How empty the possession!

All these shall see the night of that life come. And like the child, find themselves weary and disheartened.

Bubbles are not the only things—why follow them? mere airy nothings without substance, forgetful of the more homely wayside flowers—the gems of thought, and fancy within the reach of all.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY" is from the pen of an English authoress, whose great soul throbs through her work. In the heroine of the story we see unfolded a pure, frank young life that charms by its freshness, as the senses are charmed by the odor of spring flowers. Easily and pleasantly we follow her on to the threshold of womanhood, where she lingers with the innocence of the child, though the woman's heart throbbing within her is all womanly in its love. Changes come. She learns to endure with patience, even while every energy of heart and brain is taxed to the utmost. A blow of most awful magnitude falls upon her, and she rises up to struggle onward patiently to the end. The closing pages are replete with beautiful thoughts, sentiments and images. One cannot read the "Queen of the County" without a thrill of gratitude and affection for the writer. The example of such a life, even in story, must make womankind eager for the accomplishment of good, however quiet and limited their sphere may be. Our English sister, who in her Dedication, pays the literary women of America a high and beautiful compliment, has won our warmest thanks. Throughout the length and breadth of our land we hope she may be welcomed cordially, as one deserving the truest esteem and honor of our sex.

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS. By M. H. C. BOOTH. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GAYWORTHYS; A Story of Threads and Thrums. By the Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Published by Loring, Boston.

MIRAMICHI: A Story of the Miramichi Valley. Published by Loring, Boston.

HUNTED TO DEATH: A Story of Love and Adventure. Published by Loring, Boston.

PRACTICAL LITHOGRAPHS. We have received three charming sets of these from L. Prang & Co., Boston.

MANOAH; or, PROMISE OF THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. By the Author of "The Formation of Christian Belief," &c. Published by G. W. Childs, Phila.

LIFE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR. By JAMES PARTON. Published by the American News Company, 119 and 121 Nassau street, N. Y.

ALLEGORICAL PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. Drawn with a steel pen, by R. MORRIS SWANDER, and engraved (fac simile) by Duval & Co., Philadelphia. Published by Swander, Bishop & Co., Phila.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July, from Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

YOUNG FOLKS, from T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chestnut, Philada.

Daft Sandy Miller.

Formerly, in Alloa House, there was a strange, half-witted servant, of the name of Sandy Miller, whose principal business it was to attend to the coal bunkers or receptacles, of which there was one in every flat of that large mansion, for the supply of the fires. Sandy was sometimes negligent, so that the bunkers ran empty before he observed; and on such occasions, he generally received such a dreadful scold, either from his master or from the other servants, that for the time his life was miserable. At length, Sandy was one day suddenly taken ill, and given up for lost, when a clergyman was sent for to administer to him the spiritual offices proper to a death-bed. Poor Sandy listened very attentively to what was said by the minister, and, after prayers were over, mentioned, with a self-satisfied sigh, that there was *one thing in particular* which gave him great consolation in this his dying hour.

"What may that be, Sandy?" said the clergyman.

"Oh, sir," answered the dying man, "*a' the bunkers is filled.*"

Mrs. Davis and Children.

Mrs. Davis is the second wife of the ex-President, by whom he has had four children. The eldest is a smart little black eyed girl, Maggie, of fourteen summers, and the next a boy, of about twelve or thirteen, who goes by the euphonious cognomen of "Young Jeff." He is a chip from the old block, and we would suppose from his actions and temper, shown on various and sundry occasions, that he too, like his traitorous sire, would in after days be fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. The next is a smart little fellow, with bright eyes and flaxen hair, too young to have the least appreciation of his condition, and the fourth is a nursing child. Mrs. Davis is a member of the Howell family of Georgia, and has a great many relatives at Augusta. She is a pretty woman, of probably forty years of age. When I first saw her at Macon, and conversed with her on the cars, I thought her pretty and agreeable; but to look at her now it seems as though twenty years had been heaped upon her head in one short week. How her pride and vivacity have forsaken her, and truly she is but a wreck of her former self.

Lady Farming.

Miss E. Wilt, of Newville, writes to the N. Y. Tribune:—"Twenty years ago I and a younger sister inherited half of a small fertile farm containing 126 acres. Our father was dead, and our brothers gone to the West; but, being unwilling to leave the home of our ancestors, I borrowed money at 6 per cent. from our kind neighbors, to buy and stock the farm. The debt was all paid before the war, and some money in a national bank. We hire a hand in summer by the month, and by day hands to assist in cutting and threshing the crops; ran but one plough, and some years have 100 barrels of flour. If any bereaved widow or daughter (as the war will make many) will be encouraged by our success, I will be amply rewarded for my communication; but a lady that is afraid of a hoe or rake is not fit for a farmer—she must have courage and energy."

☞ The officiating clergyman at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple, wittily and gallantly wished them unspeakable bliss.

☞ "Pa," said a fashionably educated farmer's daughter—"Pa, if I should marry a farmer, what shall I do with my French?" "Call the chickens, Betsey, call the chickens."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Sand Gardening—Official Integrity—Ilha Dos Marinheiros—Taming a Tyrant—Good-by Brazil.

Although the site of the city of Rio Grande, and the whole surrounding region as far as one can see—with a solitary exception—is a barren waste of desolate, drifting sand—in Pamperos banking up buildings, and sometimes covering them up—driving in through casements, sifting through chinks like fine snow in a Northern northeaster, yet there are grown in this sea of sand as fine vegetables as I have ever seen produced elsewhere on earth.

It looks singular enough to one unaccustomed to the sight to see famous cabbages, turnips, tomatoes, melons, and in short all the vegetables of our Northern regions, with as many more, of which we have no knowledge here in the United States, all growing most luxuriantly up out of a bed of sand as clear of all earthly material as the wave-washed sands of the seashore.

The solution of this phenomenon is in the fact that underlying the surface at the depth of a foot, everywhere that the sand is not driven into ridges and conical hillocks by the wind, there is a strong clay soil so generously impregnated with nitrate of potash, that throw up and expose a shovel full of it to the sun for a few hours, and it will become as white as snow with the crystalized material. This saltpetre subsoil always keeps the sand in a moist condition, no matter how scorching the sun may be, and affords a generous supply of just such food as the vegetables require, and hence their superior excellence.

With four acres of sand, situated a mile to the northward of the town, securely walled in and fronting on the bay, my experiments for five consecutive years were to myself at least both instructive and amusing. One season, I remember, I had growing within the limits of that four-acre field all the small grains cultivated in the United States, corn, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peas, beans, rice, tobacco, cotton, coffee, manioc, indigo, figs, peaches, pine apples, pears, pomegranates, grapes, guavas, bananas, plantains, and all the vegetables I have ever seen in a North American garden, and all flourishing most luxuriantly.

I used to purchase immunity from imperial taxation, with a basket of fruit or a hamper of nice vegetables sent occasionally to my neighbors of the revenue, and especially of the Custom House department. There are none of the subordinate Brazilian officials paid a great deal beyond their bare necessities, and as like other people, they all have their little luxuries, to them indispensable, they are all venal at some price, invariably something below a legitimate trade with the government, and when one had them well in hand once their cost is reasonable enough. I used to need a good many articles from abroad upon which the import duties were rather extravagant, and so I fell into the popular practice and purchased the *official de Alfandega*—Custom House officer.

I remember upon one occasion I had from the house of Cornelius & Baker, of Philadelphia, six dozen sets of candelabras of three pieces to the set, which cost me at the manufacturers $20 the set, and at that rate they were invoiced thus—

"1 box candelabras—cost $20 the set."

Now the duties on that class of ornaments was excessive, amounting in the total to something over three hundred dollars. But I could do a great deal better than that. So when the vessel arrived with the goods I sent a basket of figs, a sack of sweet potatoes, and a hamper of nice vegetables to the house of the officer in charge of the bark on Custom House account, went down aboard, opened the case, presented him with a set of candelabras, and suggested that the case was a great deal more bulky than it need be to pass through the Custom House. Then I left the whole affair in Senor Paschal's hands, and I must confess he managed it very cleverly. In the course of a week I had safe in my house all the candelabras except two sets, one of which ornamented Don Paschal's mantle, and the other packed in a nice little case to pass through the Custom House as the scapegoat of the six dozen. I paid duties on one set of candelabras—no questions were asked, and in the course of two months I had disposed of the whole lot at six ounces the set—the ounce at that time being worth $17. So that on the whole the speculation was not a bad one.

I have said at the beginning, or near it of this sketch, that there is one exception to the general rule of sand desolation surrounding Rio Grande. That exception *is el Isiha dos Marinheros*—Sailor's Island, a long, low, narrow, wooded island lying to the northward of the city, and separated from the peninsula on which the town is built by a shallow strait nearly a league in width. The extreme length of the island is a little more than seven, and the greatest width, about one and a half miles, the whole surface at the present time being but a few feet above the water of the bay, and the soil, which is a rich, black mold, too wet for cultivation, and covered everywhere with a dense, unbroken mass of dark green foliage, among the luxuriant vegetation, the cactus predominating, presented in a dozen varieties, among them some of magnificent structure and giant proportions.

There is a singular mystery about this island that is incomprehensible. When I first knew that region of country, Mariner's Island had a surface of double its present elevation above the water, abounded in peaches, was cultivated over its entire area, and was famous for its production of most excellent fruit. Now it is an unbroken waste of jungle, too wet for cultivation, and every year its surface becoming gradually more depressed, promising at no remote period in the future to disappear entirely beneath the surface of the bay. And yet the water within the estuary is to-day not an inch higher than it was twenty-five years ago. In short, *Isiha dos Marinheros* seems to be a southern sinking fund that bids fair to soon sink altogether out of sight.

My suburban residence in the city of the sands was in a fine old *adobe* mansion, which, if the stuccoed inscription over the front portal lied not, had stood there more than two hundred years, without sign of decay or fracture in its fortress like walls, was situated at the northern extremity of the Rua de *Rota*, with but one dwelling between it and the open *campa*.

This last building on the outskirts of the city was the summer residence of Senor Enrique Jos Jose Felipe Francisco Madiera, the *Delagado*, or chief civil magistrate of the town, and the most uncivil, beastly, brutal sample of humanity that I had ever come in contact with in the empire, was Senor &c. Madiera. So arbitrarily tyrannical was his every day rule, that many a time I have seen gentlemen as respectable as any in the city, approaching him on business, with their hats in their hands, and bending in abject salaams, as if they had been slaves approaching some eastern nabob. Again, upon countless occasions I have heard the old sinner yelling to men better than himself as they approached him, while still a hundred yards distant:

"*Tere chapella! seca chapella instamente!*" and if the hat did not come off INSTANTLY, off would go the *Delagado* out of sight, and there would be no audience of him that day, not if life were at stake.

One afternoon, in the second year of my residence in the city, my wife came driving into the library all in a flurry, with the intelligence that some terrible thing was going on over at the Delagado's. Hurrying to the front, and out into the *pasea*, bare headed and in my shirt sleeves as I was, I listened, and was well assured directly, that there was certainly something terrible, but not very extraordinary for that locality, going on. The residence of the *Delagado* was perhaps two hundred yards distant, and there came shrill and piercing cries as of some one undergoing exquisite torture. Then in the lulls between frantic screams I heard distinctly the fast falling blows—*whack*, whack, and I very nearly shouted in my excitement,

"*Carl!* There is that old Brazilian Devil beating and murdering some one of his slaves again." The old barbarian was in the habit of maltreating his slaves, and every day almost our ears were cursed with the wild shrieks of the tortured wretches, notwithstanding by the laws of the province no one was permitted to beat their slaves, and the penalty for the offence was very severe. I am sorry to say the law was frequently disregarded, and more frequently by the chief magistrate of the city than by any other person of my acquaintance.

Away I went at a run, fully aroused to a determination of armed intervention, and on in my wake, at her best speed, came *el Senora Minnie*, brandishing a formidable six shooter, and vowing death or worse punishment to "*el Diavo Madiera*."

Bursting into the inclosure from whence the cries came, I found the rascally wretch belaboring a naked negro with a *colt*, or literally a club quite an inch in thickness, and made of square thongs of raw hide braided together, so that the hard wiry corners laid out diamond wise in sharp angles, forming one of the most murderous instruments of torture imaginable.

The negro at one moment would be on his knees, pleading piteously for mercy, then a *crack* over the head and shoulders would send him plunging headlong and prostrate into the sand. *Whelt* would come a cut on his horribly scored and gory back, starting him on end with a yell of agony. Then thick and vengeful would fall the cruel *whelts* in the face, on the limbs, and wherever the fiend incarnate could lay in a blow, everywhere cutting scores in the red, quivering flesh, bringing out the life blood in gushing jets, and extorting piercing shrieks of agony.

I had but one idea at the moment, that I have any recollection of now, and that was that if the concentrated might of all Brazilian humanity had been embodied in Rio Grande's Delagado, I was competent to rend the human devil limb from limb.

I have wondered since, a thousand times, that in my mad fury I did not lay hold of, and throttle the life out of the infernal brute. But I only tore the murderous *chicot* from his grasps and laid it over his head, shoulders, back, sides, limbs—wherever I could put in a blow, cutting through light clothing and skin, and bringing the blood in spirts at every ringing whelt, while old Satan hopped, and writhed, and yelled, at first threats and curses a continuous stream. But I cut that fancy out of him directly, and then he took to plunging and praying wilder than the poor slave had done. Neither did that move me, only to lay in my blows with more vengeance.

His hideous outcries brought out his wife, three daughters, and two sons—the latter at first brandishing murderous-looking knives, but my plucky little wife presented that ugly looking plaything, planted herself full before them, and soon cooled them down to the cold water standard.

In the meantime, I cut the old beast down, and cut him up again, making him cut more crazy antics in a minute, than ever monkey did in a lifetime. Delagado never danced so lively a jig before, I know. At length the torture became intolerable, and the old savage took to his heels and towards the water, I following close in his rear, laying in a *crack* at every leap, till—*souse*, he went, headlong overboard. Then I left him for his family to fish out, and my wife and I went home arguing that we should be hung, drawn and quartered of course, if *el Senor Delagado* could possibly compass our annihilation.

But ten days passed with no other notice of the affair than that it was a common "town talk," and then one of the soldiers always on duty before the magistrate's door, came with a request from Senor Madiera that I would come over and see him. I went at once, and found him still confined to his bed, and very nearly plastered out of sight with the cataplasms covering the scores I had cut into him.

His object in sending for me was to pour out a string of threats of what he would have done to myself and wife, so soon as he should be able to go out. But I shut him up silent directly, in this way something:

"Look here, Old Beelzebub; do you think I am ignorant of your provincial laws concerning the beating of slaves? That is your mistake. And now, you miserable old devil! if I ever hear, or hear of, another threat from your lips, I'll have you off before a military court in an hour; and by the life of Don Pero! I'll have you chained fast to a negro, and sentenced to six months imprisonment for each blow you have ever struck a slave. And something more than that remember—if ever another cry, or sound of a blow, reaches me from these premises, there will be a necessity for the appointment of another *Delagado* for this city."

The old Cossack was entirely subjugated, we became very great friends afterwards. I never heard any more—*tere chapellas*, or any other insolence of any sort from him; and I am certain he never laid another blow upon one of his slaves again to the day of his death. Invariably whenever one of his slaves passed me, after my terrible chastisement of their master, they would cross their arms, bend their heads forward, and greet me with:

"*Deos Vos Gar de Senor!*"

The baptism of blood made a model magistrate of Senor Madiera, and begat for Senor Cosmo the sobriquet of *Carlos Diavo*, which he wore so long as he remained in the country.

There are still ten thousand scenes and incidents characteristic of Brazilian civilization, that being told truthfully, might afford both profit and pastime to the reader, but we have six other South American countries before us in our line of travel, the next one of which is Uruguay—or as it is popularly designated in South America—*Banda Oriental*. So wending our way thither, we reluctantly say—Good-by Brazil.

The Royal Names of Humanity.

FROM THE "LADY'S BOOK," JUNE 1865.

These Royal Names are MAN and WOMAN. The Lord God gave to the first human beings who, from his breath of Divine Love and Life, inherited these grand titles, the sovereignty over earth and all the animal creation. Thus came their right of possession to the things that God had made; the twain ruled as one; MAN including both husband and wife.

When their disobedience to God's law banished them from Eden and brought that heavier doom which subjected the wife to sorrow and suffering, and to her husband's rule, while condemning him to the penalty of hard labor for life on "the ground cursed for his sake;" then to the woman was given that blessed promise of salvation for humanity, a new name, signifying "the mother of all living." Thanks be to God for this glorious title, conferring, as it does, the privilege of training childhood for Heaven.

Man was to subdue the earth and reign over it. Woman, by her moral virtues, was to subdue man, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, imbue him with faith in her promised Seed.

Thus were Man and Woman restored to their royalty of name, and the whole Bible is proof that the human race are never to be confounded with the animal. To use the word *male* as the synonym for *man*, or *female* for woman, degrades humanity and strikes at the root of Christian faith. As we have not opportunity to go over the Bible for proofs of our assertions, we ask our friends, who take an interest in this subject, to examine Cruden's "Concordance to the Holy Scriptures." Look out the word *male*. All the instances of its use are contained in *sixteen lines:* one-fourth of these refer to animals, the others to the act of creation ("male and female created He them,") or to the abstract idea of numbers.

Then look at the word *man*. It fills nearly five pages (fifteen columns,) comprising, in its references, every attribute of humanity. There is not an instance to be found in the Bible where *male* is used in connection with the character, abilities, or attributes of man; or referring to his heart, soul, mind, or imagination; or describing any emotion or feeling, as love, pity, reverence, hope, joy; or any acquirement, as knowledge, wisdom, skill, experience, which indicate educational capacity.

The reason is obvious. There is no moral quality in gender. If there be, if sex signifies understanding, and we can properly say *male piety*, or *male benevolence*, then might not the horse and the lion claim capacity for piety and benevolence? These animals are more truly *male* than man. It is their name; by this they are recognized in the Bible. In the history of the Flood animals went into the ark, "male and female;" the human beings who went in are not thus classed, and the story is thrice repeated.

Is it proper to say "*the male mind?*" Might not the elephant claim, justly, to be included? And yet we hear and read constantly, of "*female mind*," "*female piety*," "*female genius*," *etc., etc.* Is such language correct? Is the full idea of womanly humanity expressed by the animal term of gender? Sex is not an attribute of soul; not a faculty of intellect; not a synonym of humanity. Sex belongs to animated nature. All creatures that bring forth young are *females;* lower still it belongs to vegetable life; many flower-bearing trees and shrubs have sexual differences.

The term *female* cannot, therefore, be a proper name for feminine humanity, nor should it be used as an adjective except in contradistinction to man as male, when both terms refer to the abstract as in numbers. A celebrated English writer* justly remarks:—

"Why should a woman be degraded from her position as a rational being, and be expressed by a word which might belong to any animal tribe, and which, in our version of the Bible, is never used except of animals or of the abstract, the sex in general. Why not call a man a '*male*,' if a woman is to be a '*female*?'"

Yes, woman's name has become degraded by this corruption of our noble Anglo-Saxon tongue, in regard to gender; and this has been going on during the last and present century. If it continue, the definite and delicate power of distinguishing human from animal life will be obliterated. The loss has hitherto fallen chiefly on woman, as Dr. Trench remarks in his "English, Past and Present." But man and woman are like a double star—darken one, the other will lose its title of glory.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God." Change "*man*" to "*male*" the sense is degraded, and the poetry becomes doggerel. This depth of absurd error has not yet been reached. We have never read or heard the expression, "*a male walking with a lady.*" The reverse, "*a gentleman* walking with a *female*," is common as newspapers.

We once heard a great and good clergyman say in his pulpit—he was commending a benevolent work for his people:—"I hope the *gentlemen* of the congregation will lead to this, then I am sure the *females* will follow." Had the question been asked, "What females?" would not his answer necessarily have been "Women" or "ladies?" Then why not cultivate the habit of using proper language, and not speak as though women were sheep?

Truth is not only pure and beautiful, it also bears good fruits of usefulness; while error is ugly, and leads to loss. *Man* and *Woman* are noble words, easy to speak and write, pleasant to eye and ear, and explain their own meaning. *Male* and *female* are longer by one letter each; both are low terms, and disagreeable to speak or hear, because comprising inferior creatures. Such words can never become definite, delicate, or dignified, when applied to human beings.

Therefore is it that by this indiscriminate and frequent use of *female and females*, for woman and ladies, and *female* as an adjective, to the exclusion of the beautiful terms *feminine, woman's*, and *womanly*, our literature is vulgarized, and the style of religious writers is sadly corrupted and lowered. To give an example:—

In the "Bible Society's Record," a touching incident begins thus:—"A lady in New Jersey was called to bury a beloved *female child, which* had in *its* possession a silver dollar," etc. Had the writer used proper words—"a beloved *little girl*"—would he not have added, naturally, "*who* had in *her* possession," etc. You observe now that he blundered shockingly in his grammar.

A similar misuse of *male* for *man* is fast creeping into the language. A religious paper says: "The teachers in the Sunday School, male and female." *Male* means *monkey* more properly than it means *man*. Why not say "men and women?" You save *one letter* in each word while showing good sense and pure taste. "The *male members* of the congregation" should be "The men of the congregation;" the long sentence shows the injury of the imperfect term. We have not room to enlarge. These errors are before us in almost every new publication. Shall this violation of Scriptural and grammatical rules become our settled mode of speech?

American patents of nobility must be derived from obedience to the laws of Nature and of Revelation. We have no artificial orders of greatness, no hereditary rank, no privileged classes whose names can sustain the glory of the nation while the masses are accounted as *males* and *females* whose condition is scarcely above brutes.

If we permit our God-given titles of MAN and WOMAN to be stultified and degraded by the animal gender, our birthright of nature's royalty for the People is lost.

And lower still we shall sink if we lose the significance of our Christian nobility. The rationalistic philosophers, in their system of "development," always place man above the brute, because the human was last "evolved," and therefore perfected above all other animals. But the Christian writer, who uses *male* and *female* as synonyms for *man* and *woman*, reduces the race to the level of the brute. We must never forget that humanity was infinitely exalted when the Son of God, "made of a woman," took on Himself the form of MAN.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

* Henry Alford, D. D., Dean of Canterbury. See his "Queen's English," page 227. London, 1864.

REBEL vessels of war have disappeared, one after another, many of them having been blown up by the application of explosive materials, but it was left for the Stonewall—said to be the most formidable of them all—to close its connection with the Confederacy by a pecuniary burst. It is "deposited," according to the telegraphic phrase with the Cuban authorities, and probably quite a large sum was obtained upon the vessel, as the officers and men were paid off and put ashore. It is remarkable what a quick eye the leading rebels have shown toward the main chance in the last days of the rebellion. Jeff. undertook to run off with a large amount of specie, and now the captain of the Stonewall raises the wind by a "deposit" such as was never before made as security for a loan.

A DOG STORY.—A friend of his—said President Lincoln—passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, killed the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the whelp, till little vestige of the canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

DURING the last illness of Dr. Cibrac, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients.

"Why was I not called before?" he said. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" his attendant answered in the negative.

"Then he is a dead man," answered Cibrac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

☞ A RELIC.—A relic from Richmond is now in Boston—a bust of Jefferson Davis, bearing on the front of the base the name of "J. Davis," and on the back the inscription, "Carved from memory by a Mexican soldier captured by Colonel Davis, Buena Vista." This relic was found on a mantelpiece in the mansion lately occupied by Jefferson Davis, and at the present time occupies a conspicuous position, wrapped up in a small confederate flag, suspended by the neck.

☞ A house advertised for rent in Louisville remained for some time without a tenant. A few days ago a furniture-car drove up, and in an hour things were arranged, and a negro family at home there. The landlord was naturally surprised, as he had not rented the house. The colored party had rented it of a fellow who represented himself as the owner, and who had taken twenty dollars a month in advance of his colored friends—a rent half lower than the real landlord asked.

☞ There is something very strange, and almost mesmerical, in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; difference in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they recognize each other by instant sympathy.

☞ All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority.

☞ A gentleman is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

☞ May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?

☞ MAKING GAME.—A man was recently brought up by a farmer and accused of stealing ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed. I have some very like them in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

☞ "Ed," said a customer who had just purchased a bottle of Bourbon from a jocose apothecary, "can you tell me why whiskey always tastes smoky?" "It is because it always comes in pipes," replied the compounder of pills.

Earl Russell has written a letter to the Admiralty, announcing the restoration of peace in the United States, and directing the non-admittance of rebel vessels into British ports.

France has removed all restrictions upon naval intercourse with the United States, and has also withdrawn the belligerent rights accorded to the rebels.

The Haytien rebellion has been put down, and the leaders have fled the country.

☞ When Chief Justice Chase was at Key West, he was served by an old negro, to whom he promised a cart-de-visite, and handed him a one-dollar bill. "Ah!" says Sandie, "now I know you, massa; you are 'old greenbacks.'"

☞ How many foreigners does it take to corrupt one's manners? It takes forty Poles to make one Rood.

☞ Gail Hamilton says one can be daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity; but it is a dreadful endorsement of a man to marry him.

☞ Idea is a shadow that departeth; speech is fleeting as the wind; reading is an unremembered pastime; but writing is eternal.

☞ ASTRONOMICAL.—We are enabled to state positively that all the jokes relating to crinoline are *not* used up. For instance: Why do ladies wear such extraordinary things as crinoline? Because all the heavenly bodies move in eccentric circles.

☞ In a game of cards, a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

☞ Geese, dull as they are, imitate men. Notice that if one of the flock drinks, the rest follow.

☞ A boy, sixteen years of age, has been brought up at one of the London police courts, and bound over to keep the peace, for assaulting his wife. The lad was married about nine months.

☞ The latest mechanical novelty abroad is the erection of a large steam engine for the manufacture of teeth.

LIFE, GROWTH, AND BEAUTY TO THE HAIR.

"London" Gray "Hair Color Does Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Hair "Hair Color not Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" Changed "Hair Color Stain Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" without "Hair Color Any- Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color thing Restorer."
"London" Dyeing. "Hair Color Restorer."

It is the *Only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dressing Combined.* Delicately perfumed.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. je21-eowtf

SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!—Pain, disease, and exposure, with a hot climate, muddy water and bad diet, will be unavoidable, but armed with HOLLOWAY'S PURIFYING AND STRENGTHENING PILLS, you can endure all these and still retain good health. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is dull. Sales of 10,000 bbls Flour at $6@6.50 for low grade and good superfine, $6.75@7.50 for extras, $7.75@8.75 for extra family, and $9 to $10 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull, with sales of the former at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—Prime Wheat is selling moderately at about previous rates. Sales reach some 25,000 bus in lots for milling, at $1,75@1,85 for fair to prime reds, and $2@2,15 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye—Sales at 87@88c for Delaware, and 90@95c for Pennsylvania and Western. Corn—Sales of 24,000 bus at 90@93c for yellow, and 83@86c for white. Oats—30,000 bus found buyers at 69@72c for Delaware and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—There is more business doing in barrelled meats. Sales at $23@23.25 for Mess Pork, and $15@20 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra. Bacon—Sales Bagged Hams at 21@24c. Shoulders—Sales at 16@17c. Green Meats—Sales at 18@20c for pickled Hams, and 14@14½c for salted Shoulders. Lard—Sales at 17½@20c for bbls and tierces, the latter for prime, and 22@22c for kegs. Butter—Sales at 18@25c for fair to prime Pennsylvania and western packed, and 30@32c for Goshen. Cheese is selling at 14@17c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 22@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been firm. The week's sales reach 650 bales at 40@45c for low and good middling quality.

BARK.—Sales of 70 hhds Quercitron at $32½ for 1st No 1. In Tanners' Bark there is no alteration.

BEESWAX.—Sales of about 2000 lbs at 45c ₩ lb.

COAL.—The market continues almost at a stand still, and cargo prices range at from $6 to 7 ₩ ton, on board, according to quality.

COFFEE.—The market is firm but quiet at 17½@21½c, gold.

FEATHERS are taken at 60@62c ₩ lb for Western.

HAY is selling at $20 ₩ ton.

HOPS move off at 25@45c, the latter for fancy lots.

IRON.—There is rather more inquiry for Pig Metal. Sales 4,000 tons Anthracite at $27@29 for Forge, and $33@35 for Foundry, the latter for good No. 1.

LUMBER is unsettled. Sales White Pine at $28@29; Yellow Sap do, $25@26; Lehigh Hemlock at $18@20; and Raft do at $14. A cargo of Spruce sold at $24. Shingles are scarce, and White Pine range at $25@28 ₩ M.

MOLASSES.—Sales 400 hhds, mostly at about 50c for Muscovado.

OILS.—Petroleum is in good demand. 9,000 bbls have changed hands, including Crude at 33@35c, Refined, in bond, at 51@52½c, and free oil at 70@72c.

PLASTER is worth $3,50 ₩ ton.

RICE.—Sales at 9½@11½c.

SEEDS.—Clover-seed, there is none offering. Timothy and Flaxseed are quiet with small sales of the latter at $2,30@2.35 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—The demand for Brandy, Gin and Rum continues limited. Whiskey is unsettled at 208@210c.

SUGARS have been firm. Sales some 1800 hhds, mostly Cuba at 8½@8¾c for refining.

TALLOW.—Sales at 10½@11c for rendered.

WOOL.—The new clip is beginning to arrive. Sales at 40@42c for unwashed, and 60 to 70c for common and fine washed, the latter for choice clips. Tub ranges at 73@78c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from $10,00 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1800 Hogs at from $11 to 13,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 6½ cts ₩ lb. 125 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE H. POWERS.

Though Love is a giant of mighty mien,
He steals upon you unawares, unseen;
Like a coward he glides up in the dark,
And kindles your soul with his fatal spark;
Then springing back he is off in the air,
To torture other souls with grim despair.

At his first touch you awake with a start,
And find a keen spear is fixed in your heart;
You leap from your bed and gaze all around,
Put your hand to your head and find 'tis crowned
With love, and that Cupid has pierced your heart
With his torturing and tormenting dart.

Yes, love is sweet, its smiles are sweet,
And there are, those who know it;
With these my spirit loves to meet,
And see their souls glow o'er it.

It has no pains but those you bring
Around it by contention;
Love truly and you'll find a spring
With flowers too sweet to mention.

You may dig and entrench and fortify,
Till your fort veers up to the deep blue sky;
'Twill be of no use, for Love will pass through
The stones and rubbish without much ado;
He stops for fortifications no more
Than an enemy does for blood and gore.

LUCILE REMBRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER,
AUTHOR OF "ONA, THE LOST WIFE," &c.

(CONTINUED.)

"You are surprised to see me," faltered the visitor, with an effort to speak calmly. "Only the agony of this bitter day could have driven me to this step—which must appear like an intrusion. But I could not bear my misery alone—and—and—you know all! So I have come to you."

"For what? Why do you come to me, Mrs. Prior?"

"Because I want help—advice!" she answered, desperately. "How you learned my secret, I do not know, unless you heard me last night in the conservatory—"

"Yes, it was there I learned it, and from your own lips," answered Lucile—interrupting her. "It was from no choice of my own. I could not escape before the fatal words were spoken. Having heard them, it became my duty to warn you. I am a woman, loving the honor of my own sex as the very pulse of my life. I could not bear to see you go down to inevitable destruction, without an attempt to avert the evil from your husband and child."

"Ah! how that warning cut me to the heart," cried Mrs. Prior, in low shivering accents. "Had you struck me with a knife, the blow could not have been keener. Alas! what shall I do! You know nothing of the struggle convulsing my mind. I am stung and tortured almost out of my senses with doubts and fears."

"Oh, madam, *can* there be a doubt betwixt Right and Wrong? What is the passion of an unprincipled man, when weighed in the balance with the pure and earnest devotion of a trusting husband—the spotless affection of an innocent child?"

"Aye! if it were true! But he does not love me. Six years ago he may have done so, when he took me from my fair southern home a bride. But since that time—God help me!—I have lost it all! He is too good to be otherwise than kind—too proud to let the world see the exact state of his heart with regard to me. *You* saw him devoted—tender as a man dares to be in society; but at home—scrupulously polite—freezingly cold, when he knows that I am starving for warmth and tenderness—how can I bear it? What wonder if I turned at last to the only comfort left me in the world, and listened to words of sympathy from another?"

Was she trying to excuse herself, or had she really cheated herself into the belief that it was a natural, inevitable consequence? Lucile made no attempt to reply, but sat regarding her with sad, earnest, almost pitiful eyes, as she continued.

"My nature is a strange, warm, impulsive one. I must have *love*. It is the necessity of my life. Without it, I should as surely die, as if you took from me food and water. I must be cared for, petted, indulged. Think, then, what my life must be, bound to a man whose lips never frame a tender word! I go on my way silently. I struggle night and day for patience, hoping that unwearied devotion may win him back, till, driven to despair by my vain endeavors, I am at length forced to hint at his want of feeling. Imagine then, his look of blank astonishment—his profound deprecation, and say if you could bear it tamely. Oh, you know nothing of such a life! Hitherto, I have been able to bear it with a tolerable show of self-control. Now I am beyond that, and ready to give up without further efforts. What does it matter what becomes of me? I cannot but be miserable in any situation. It will make little difference in the future."

"Stop! do not talk in that way! Do you forget that you have a child—that you are a woman? Is there no tender pity in your heart when you think of the fair little head that has lain upon your bosom, that you are so careless of your future? Or are you utterly selfish, caring only for the gratification of your own desires above all else. It is monstrous! You could not so heartlessly blight the pure young life given to your care by a good and wise Father, whose will it is that such should make us tender and loving, and strong to combat the world and its evils."

Mrs. Prior's head sank in shame before the indignant rebuke. But even here, she was ready with an excuse.

"My child does not love me. He has taken that from me too. I can scarcely win her to my side when he is by; and she idolizes him. Even the saving influence of my own daughter's affection is denied to me."

"Then the natural conclusion is, that there must me a cause for it. Pardon me if I speak plainly. I cannot help it. It is not in nature for a child to turn from its own mother, unless driven by some strong reason to do so. Can you not explain it to me in some better way? you come to me for help. I cannot help you blindly, and you must confide in me without reserve, if I am to aid you—though, indeed, I cannot see what use there is in mixing me up in this personal matter."

The speech was not a kind or gracious one, but it was natural to a person of Lucile's temperament—frank, above deceit, shuddering at wrong, abhorring subterfuge. Mrs. Prior's selfish defence, which spared neither husband nor child, exasperated her beyond the limits of patience. The continuation of that defence did not add much to the charity of the sentiments wakened, for she began to speak of Mr. Steadman, ignoring Mrs. Rembrant's request.

"He came when I was most unhappy—silently offering me a sympathy he dared not put into words. I believe he understood my miserable position from the first, and I was bitterly galled by it then. To be regarded with pity, as an unloved, neglected wife, is not a pleasant thing to bear. Until I saw, by his great delicacy of manner, how good and true he was, I could not bear him in my sight. When he did win my esteem, however, I learned how dangerously sweet it was to find a friend so steadfast and kind—so entirely free from all that could prove offensive. To deny myself his society was impossible. The doctor was fond of him, and chose his society above all others. For awhile he was almost his shadow—inseparable from him. Thus I was thrown a great deal into his society, and when the doctor chanced to be called out, he was compelled to leave me to entertain him. In spite of myself, a spell was woven around me. I had no will but to love him. God knows I tried hard to combat it, but my lonely, desolate condition rendered me unfit to cope with the evil. I pray you to believe me when I tell you that I again and yet again did battle against my own heart when he urged me to end the torture of the life I led, and trust to him for happiness. His sympathy had become to me as the very breath of my life—his love like my own heart throbs for necessity to live. But till last night I never yielded him the promise he sought, and you heard it! Perhaps God willed it thus to save me. Yet I am in a sore, sore straight, and know not what to do."

The bitterness in Lucile's heart did not touch her words now, but her voice was very sad, her words slow and regretful.

"Alas! that there can be a choice between honor and dishonor! What did you vow at the altar but to 'love, *honor*, and obey?' Are vows to be broken lightly? Shall we offer to God lip service only, while the heart makes no response, and, after a lapse of time, seeks to discard its obligations under any pretext? Your vow bound you to him through *all* things, and there are no exceptions. 'For better, for worse.' And does not this include even the torture of neglect, wrong, coldness? If it comes to violence, man's law can afford you relief and protection, but it does not absolve you from the vow made before God. A wife's duty is unmistakeable."

"A wife's duty!" answered the woman passionately. "I tell you I owe him no duty. When he fails in his vows to me, he cancels mine with his own acts, and I will not be dragged heart-broken to my grave in my youth."

"Then you must abandon Mr. Steadman forever, or you will assuredly go heart-broken, as well as disgraced, to the grave. Oh! Mrs. Prior, listen to me. I plead with you now as to a sister. Be warned in time. There is no salvation for woman, save in the right, and you know it is wrong to drag down your own husband to the blackness of a disgrace never to be wiped away from his life. You crush his manhood, steep your child in infamy, sink yourself to the pity and scorn of your fellow beings. Better have ashes for food, the waters of Marah for drink, and go to your tomb in the early freshness and beauty of life, a sacrifice to truth and honor, than to meet a fate so awful. It is woman's lot to endure; it is her nature to sacrifice herself for the one who claims her allegiance; and if you have no tenderness for him now, remember the old love, the past trust and fondness, until it makes you merciful to yourself, your child, and to him."

Large tears were rolling slowly down her cheeks, and in the earnestness of her appeal she had caught Mrs. Prior's hands, holding them fast while she looked into her agitated face.

"What would you have me do?" she gasped desperately. "I only want you to tell me what to do—how to act."

"Go back home. Discard this false man, who, under the cover of friendship to your husband, would lure you from him to endless misery. Drive him from you with such scorn, he will never again dare to face you. Then turn back to your husband, and re-win him to yourself. In my soul, I do believe he loves you as deeply as, when a bride, you first rested your head confidingly upon his bosom. It is only from care, perhaps, that he seems to have grown cold, and by your doubts, your gloom, and your failure to make his home bright, the rest has been accomplished. Go back to your girlhood, if you can, and give him the old trust, the warm and ready smile of those happy days. If you will do this, happiness will come back to you. Promise that you will do as I ask."

Mrs. Prior drooped her head, weeping bitterly. Her heart was melted. Those sweet womanly tones had reached the sealed fountains, and the pure waters once more came forth to wash away the terrible passion of which she had become possessed. Lucile regarded the delicate features with suspended breath until she saw that she had conquered, and as the quivering lips breathed the promise, she bent forward and printed a warm kiss upon her forehead.

"I take your promise trustfully, and pledge myself your friend, knowing you will keep it. If ever you find yourself in danger of faltering, come to me, and I will help you to be strong."

Subdued, ashamed and repentant, Mrs. Prior left the house, accompanied to the door by Lucile, who saw her enter her carriage and drive away. Her own heart was very heavy when she went up stairs, and her eyes full of unshed tears. From the proud height of her own integrity and strength she had dared to look down upon another who was weak and erring, in anger as much as pity. The remembrance humiliated her now, for with all her lofty principles, she was not faultless. Her cheek tingled with shame to remember her severity, while a secret lay buried from her husband in her own heart, even though she knew that it was through no selfish fear it had been hidden. Nor could it entail shame upon herself. Still it was concealment, and in remembrance of all that had passed, she bowed herself in the silence of her own room and prayed fervently.

The flush was yet upon her cheeks—the repentent, compassionate tears wet upon her cheeks when she went back to her husband. She went to tell him all that had passed, and the part she had pledged herself to take in the miserable affair; but when she entered, he was quietly sleeping, and she would not awaken him. Softly retiring, she stole out to the garden and sat down within the summer house under the sheltering vines.

A long time she sat there, absorbed in thought—till the soft evening shadows began to creep over the hills to warn her of seeming neglect to the invalid who might be impatiently waiting her presence. As she rose hastily to return to the house, a close carriage drove through the lane bounding her garden walls, and entered the highway. Through its windows she caught a glimpse of Mr. Steadman's handsome face, and her lips curled disdainfully.

"It is a blessing to be able to foil treachery—to expose deceit. I pray heaven I may have succeeded in spoiling *your* schemes," she murmured, as the carriage disappeared. "Ah, me! to what must we not stoop, if we try to save! Yet the good powers forbid that I should come in contact with that man."

Mr. Rembrant was sitting by the window, and when she entered, called her at once to his side.

"Ah, little truant, I am glad you are back, though you did right to go out for a little fresh air. I am afraid my selfish fondness for your society will injure your health. I mean to try to deny myself more for your sake."

How fondly she looked up into the pale, suffering face of her husband, as she took a stool near his feet and rested upon it. Not, perhaps, with the fondness of a first girlish love; but there was all of its trust, more of its beauty, for the mature, thoughtful woman looked from her beautiful eyes and blessed the man of her choice, even though his cheeks and brow bore lines of age, and his hair was whitening, like sheaves that grow ripe for the reaper.

"Do not think so much of me," she said, subduedly. "I am well and strong, and cannot do too much for you. A whole lifetime of loving care cannot half repay your goodness to me. Now, shall I tell you something—a secret?"

"A secret, Lucile? Where could you have picked up such a treasure in Princeton?"

She did not laugh at his light tone, but smiled a faint, sad smile, and answered regretfully.

"Alas, my dear husband, sin and error are not unknown here, and wherever they dwell, secrets are not few. What I have to tell you, will shock your sense of right. Perhaps you will blame me for the part I have taken. Yet I could not act otherwise. I must ask a promise of you, too. You must hold in confidence that which is in my keeping, and in no way consider yourself bound to speak out. It involves the honor of more than one person, and I would save all."

"Then do not tell me, Lucile, for if it is anything in which I should consider myself bound to utter a warning, I had better not know it than to be silent. Tell me nothing."

Mrs. Rembrant looked surprised. How readily he divined the nature of the secret she wished to impart. To another she would never have dreamed of repeating the story. Her husband ought to know it, if only in safety to herself.

"I would rather tell you," she said, "for then you can advise me. Names I will suppress, if you like, but you had better know what I have done, or may have to do. Shall I not tell you?"

"No. You will act according to your own judgment, and I can trust you not to compromise yourself. Concealments are the bane of an honest man's life, and I cannot have one. It is enough for a man to hold his own honor spotless before the world, and if another's is involved in this secret and I may not speak, you must not tell it me, Lucile. I dare not be silent and see another sink, and no man is thanked for meddling. So keep your secret, child, and guard well yourself since it has been forced upon you. Of your own free will you did not seek it?"

"No, I did not. Accident placed it in my possession. Womanly pride and pity forces me to keep it and try to save one of my own sex. I saw her about to fall, and an impulse forced me to warn her. In her terror she came to me for help. Can I do otherwise than give her my hand?"

"Is there any truth or goodness in her?"

"I hope so—I believe so! I have her promise, and I think she will not break it."

"But if she should, and it should become known that you are aware of her present danger, what can you say for yourself to those she may wrong? Oh, my love, concealments and secrets are terrible things. Be careful for your own sake and for mine. They are terrible things."

"Ah, I know it but too well," she murmured bitterly. He did not catch the words. His thoughts were busy, and his eyes fixed upon the distant hills where the purple evening mists still lingered.

"Well," she said at length, "whatever may come of this you will know that I have tried to do right, and *I* shall know it with satisfaction. Even if it costs us both suffering, I cannot retreat. I *must* save her, Edgar—I must! Selfish fears are cowardly, and I dare not be a coward where a woman's weal is concerned. As women, our hold upon respect is frail, because we strive so little to help each other. Were it otherwise we would compel the world to honor us, and keep many a villain at a distance who dares to approach us in the knowledge of his superior power."

"Lucile, you are as brave and strong as you are pure and beautiful. God bless the noble little heart which He has given me for my own. O, my wife, I am blessed in having you. I have hopes of heaven and love and mercy, led up to the Throne by your hand."

She laid her head against his knee and sat still, tears slowly dripping over her cheeks as his hand lay on her hair.

CHAPTER III.

It was not from weariness of her task, or impatience of the burthen laid upon her young life, that the sad, dreary expression found its way into her beautiful eyes; though it must be confessed that she was very weary physically. Mr. Rembrant had been unusually feverish and restless all day, and no one could minister to his wants as she could. So, with unmurmuring devotion she remained at his side all through the sultry day fanning him, reading aloud, administering his medicines and drinke with her own hands, until in sorrowing self-reproach, he sent her away.

"I will sleep, my darling, and you shall rest. In my selfishness I have worn you out. Go and take some fresh air," and he would not be hushed till she obeyed him.

The quiet and spicy sweetness of the summer-house was very inviting, for the shadows from the tall hills were thrown over it already; and she sat down in one of the great rustic chairs with a sense of relief very grateful.

All things combined she had found this very trying. Never once had she been able to rid herself of the thoughts which her interest in Mrs. Prior had awakened. Many doubts had come to torment and perplex her, but she had resolutely tried to drive them away, and to trust to the promise given. Once she had caught a glimpse of Mr. Steadman passing through the wide white gate up to the doctor's door, and it troubled her greatly, fearing as she did the man's strong influence over the weak woman. But when she again saw him leave the house, and afterwards Doctor Prior and his wife drove by in their open carriage, both looking bright and happy, she had hoped anew for the stability of the good resolves so lately formed.

Of all this she was thinking as she sat in the summer-house, her white robes floating softly around her, her rich hair drooping to her shoulders in shining coils, while the dark eyes were dreamily fixed upon a distant star, shining pale and solitary in the cloudless sky.

"I am glad to find you enjoying this lovely evening. Will you pardon a bold intruder, Mrs. Rembrant, and allow me to chat a moment with you? I have been to see your husband, and he told me to find you here. I am not sure but he thinks he may need my services on your account, but I am glad to know he does not."

It was Dr. Thane's voice, and she lifted her head to smile a bright welcome as she heard it. She felt glad to find a new subject for her attention just then, and motioned him to a chair opposite her own.

"I am happy to see you, doctor. More than glad to say that I do *not* need your professional services, and can assure you that your presence here is the very thing I could most desire. How do you find my husband?"

She did not say "Mr. Rembrant," but took up the dear name of "husband" with a freedom and a tenderness which made him regard her earnestly as he answered,

"Not very well—restless and feverish. Only for your care, he might suffer more. As it is, he is doing as well as I can hope; but he will never recover fully, Mrs. Rembrant. Pardon me if I speak abruptly. I know that you would prefer to know the truth, and have denied myself the pain of telling it to you only because I felt it too hard for me. Often you may have thought that I did not understand the language of your looks, which questioned me; but I did. Hoping there *might* be a change, I spared myself rather than you. But silence is no longer a kindness to either one of us. I am forced to tell you that he cannot get well, though his pain may be greatly mitigated."

She was pale as marble, and both little hands closed over the folds of her dress. Otherwise there was no sign. The low, sweet voice did not even tremble as she asked,

"There is no immediate danger?"

"No, save from sudden and violent excitement. But you will guard him from that, and there may be weeks and months left to him. Nay, it may be years; still I think not."

Watching her closely, he saw the dark eyes droop and a tremor shake the muslin over her bosom.

"Only weeks—only months—at best," she murmured. "Oh, doctor!" and then she stopped, held her breath, and turned her face wistfully toward the house. He longed for her to go on—to say something more to express her feelings; but it did not need it to confirm the thought in his mind. Until now, there had lingered a doubt of her love for this afflicted old man. Her present manner, and the look in her eyes, banished it. After a lapse of several minutes, in which she had seemed gathering up her strength for the effort, she said earnestly,

"I had not expected it so soon. Is there no help? He is such a good man, Dr. Thane, and we cannot afford to lose the best where there seems to be so few. Is there no help?"

"None. You know that he is not young; and he never could have been very strong. His constitution is completely shattered, and he must soon sleep that peaceful sleep in which for the good there is no fear. You have thought of this?"

"Yes. When I married him, I knew it must be only for a short time; but I want—oh! I so much want time to make him happy for all he has done for me. I owe to him so much, and now the short span of his life will not let me pay one tithe of the debt. It seems as if I cannot have it so."

The old doubt crept back. Perhaps, then, it was only gratitude after all, and the singular interest she had excited in him made him bold indeed. On the impulse, he said hastily:

"I fear you will think my presumption unpardonable, Mrs. Rembrant. Yet I want to ask you a question that may seem rude, to say the least—"

Then, as he hesitated, she looked up and faintly smiled.

"Ask fearlessly, Doctor Thane. *You* will not question from idle curiosity, and I will answer you, whatever it may be."

He plunged headlong into the avenue she had opened for him, and asked point-blank:

"Then tell me if you married from love or from gratitude."

A bright smile lighted her face, and her eyes met his with a full, sweet frankness that charmed him.

"Both, Dr. Thane. He won my gratitude by his kindness, and taught me, through it, to study his character. When I came to know him, I could not help loving, as I love all things beautiful. You will agree with me that the divinity in his nature is seen without effort, and I could not help loving him were I to try. Your question, from others might be offensive. From you, who study the motives in the lives of men and women, guiding their action, I am rather pleased than otherwise. I like frankness and fearlessness, when I feel no petty motive like curiosity prompts them. And I have prepared myself for meeting everything—even this most contemptible of all qualities. The difference in our ages is so great, it is quite natural that people should speculate upon it. I even expect to be voted sordid and selfish in it, but I *know* better, and it does not trouble me. All I wish is to make the close of his life happy, come whatever else that may."

The sweet, earnest tones were freighted with truth. In his heart he believed all she said, and there was a touch of veneration in his sentiments as he regarded the beautiful face, faintly lit by the light of a new moon rising beyond the trees. The nobleness of her nature spoke through her frankness in acknowledging her gratitude. He would have led her on to speak more on the subject, in the hope of getting at her history, for which he was now ardently anxious, but just then Lucian Rembrant's step was heard upon the terrace, and she rose to return to the house, saying in apology:

"Lucian has brought home my little daughter, and I must go to her. You see how readily I claim her?"

A smile was on her lip—tender and sweet. More in wonder still, he rose and followed her, meeting when half way to the house, the young man holding Floy by the hand. The little creature looked shy and frightened as Lucile approached her, while Lucian regarded the young mother-in-law with an amused smile. Without heeding him, she bent down quickly, took the child in her arms and held her tenderly to her bosom, printing a kiss on the little round cheek.

Floy struggled and looked up with wild round eyes into Lucile's face. The eyes bent upon her, full of tender love and humid with tears, possessed a spell that quieted her in a minute. With a quick, shy glance at Lucian, to see if he would reprove her, she put up her little arm and laid it over Lucile's neck.

"There, don't cry. Floy will be good," she said, timidly. "Floy wants to love you," and again she stole a glance at Lucian. That young man was too shrewd to let her catch his eye. He was trying to divert Dr. Thane's attention from the scene, little suspecting that he had seen and understood it all. Flora's looks had confirmed Lucile's surmises in the matter, and as she once more kissed the loving little creature, there was a resolve in her heart to undo his cruel work. This child should both love and trust her, in spite of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remnissences ov the Late Mrs. Stebbins and Her Niece Debby.

"He iz not long for this world," pensively breathed Mrs. Stebbins, as she stood in the musem, leaning on the arm ov Mr. Barnum, and gazing at Gen. Tom Thum.

"The poecks say, Aunty, that matches are made in heaven."

"I don't beleave that, Debby," sed Mrs. Stebbins tew her niece; "they smell tew strong ov grinstun and suffer."

"The widder's cruse, did yu se, niece? I kno how tew pity her," mournfully spoke Mrs. Stebbins. "I've bin a crusader miself for 20 long years, on the bolsterious pillows ov life, cruising about, without ennybodoy tew steer me," and the sadnes of her memorys came back tew the lone woman, dipt in tears.

"Who iz this irrepressibel convikt, that the papers talks so much about?" inquired Mrs. Stebbins ov her niece; and, without waiting for a reply, continued: "Sum poor diluted retch, i suppoee, who haz foraged a sinecure, or been accessible before the fack."

Mrs. Stebbins sez: "That geeze are birds ov remarkabel passage."

Mrs. Stebbins declares, "She never knu a boy tew turn out well, who didn't get up till 10 o'clock in the morning."

"How I shud enjoy a good old-fashioned doktrine sermon once more, on the subjeck ov cleckshun," remarked the affabel Mrs. Tucker, sipping her tea at the widders.

"Lord bless yu, yes," responded Dame Stebbins, with a gem in her eye, "but thare's awl sorts of doktering now a daze, and ax for leckshan, the blessed old Feds and Dimmocrats have awl gone tew that barn from which no stragglers ever return," and the lone widder sighed a sigh.

Ax her pretti niece red tu her, "breaches ov faith" occurred in the tex. "Britches of faith?" reiterated Widder Stebbins. "The Lord help us!—how fluxtuous the fashions are! I wunder what the men will ware nex?" A soft blush inflamed the cheek ov her niece, but she left her kind ant unenlightened, and continued with what she wax readin'.

"When I wax yure age, Debby," said Widder Stebbins to her neace, "I used tew rumble thru the pastors, and pik blue violents and wild hunny suckers, and balm of gildad, but now the rumiks, and the mizery in mi absolom hax made yure poor old granny an infidel for life. I shant liv long, Debby. I kan hear the angels whisper now; I kan cee—"

"Oh, bless you! mi dear, good anty, yu must not talk so," and Debby flew beside her instrument, and run her delikate fingers akross the keys, and ax she matched joyous wurds tew the sweet notes, a plezent pride beamed from the widder's eyes upon her butiful ward.

"How dew yu dew to-day, Mrs. Stebbins," inquired the kind Mrs. Tucker, ax she glided noizeless into the sick-room. The poor old patient, throwing down the koverlid, and raising her mummy form upon her elbo, sadly respondid:

"No better, I thank yu; Dokter Spiknot hax jist gone; he tells me I hav the krittar, and a porpise iz formin in mi nose, and mi glanderz iz enlarged, and thare iz danger ov a heritage from the tabernakels that are going in mi chist. He left me an alternatiff pill, and a doze ov kammella, and gallop, and ced, bless the dear man, that he would kall agin in the morning."

"How fragrant yure tea smels! how fragrant and oderiferus!"

"Yes," respondid the widder; "tis flagrant and oviperous tew the oil faktorys, and exerts a solitary influenza over one's soul, and—"

At this moment her charming niece appeared, and welcuming Mrs. Tucker, cut the thred ov her good old aunty's yung hizon rapsoda.

"Over 300 bills hav passt thru the legislatur this winter, so the papers say, aunty."

"Is it possibel," replied the venerabel dame tew her niece, "whare on arth kould they awl be going tew?"

GEN. LOGAN'S STAFF.—Just before the capture of Savannah, Gen. Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars East, on his way to rejoin his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman, with, "Yees'll not be goin' in there." "Why not, sir?" asked the general. "Because thims a leddies caer, and no gintleman 'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at that same time pointing to it. "Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat; but what shall I do with my staff?" "Oh! bother your sehtaff," was the petulant reply; "go and take the sate, an' sehtick yer sehtaff out the windy."

FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.

TO "PUNCH."

ON READING HIS LINES ON "ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865."

Yes! lay one laurel more on Lincoln's grave,
Thou, whose relentless hand to shame so long
That noble and heroic nature gave,
Nor blush to say that thou hast done him wrong.

Draw near, while yet a mourning nation's tears
Are falling fast above their martyred dead,
Nor fear to own, throughout the coming years,
That thou, in bitter shame, hast bowed thy head.

Bring thy sad tribute hither, while we lay
Our earth to earth, our dust unto its dust;
And, standing by that new-made grave to-day,
Unto thyself, and to the dead, be just!

Those eyes, now closed in the eternal night,
Turn not on thee with unforgiving gaze;
That soul, in heavenly patience self-possessed,
Stood far above thy blame, nor asks thy praise.

That form, deemed all unfit for courtly grace,
Ne'er sought, or cared, the applause of courts to win;
Enough for him, that Africa's long crushed race
Say, "through this man, we too, stand up as men."

Beneath that garb, though rustic called, and plain,
Beat the warm, sympathizing heart that sped
Across the seas kind words to comfort pain,
When England's widowed Queen bent o'er her dead.

He stood, where men of meaner mould had quailed,
Unheeding obloquy, reproach, or sneer;
Oh, brave strong heart, the traitor's hand had failed
To still thy throbbing, hadst thou but known fear.

Requiting ill with good, and wrong with right,
So passed he on where duty led the way;
Hearing one voice, and following but one light,
Whether in fire by night, or cloud by day.

A mind that read the teachings of the past,
Gleaning fresh wisdom for the present age,
Where Heaven had joined not man might put apart,
The child-like soul, the wisdom of the sage;

A heart that patiently, through years of strife,
Bore, of a nation's woe, the heavy load,
And, "faithful unto death," breathed out its life,
True to itself, its kind, and to its God.

Let *these* suffice thee! By the Western wave,
Again his rest, and peace, and home, is found;
And, when thou standest beside Lincoln's grave,
Remember that the spot is holy ground!

Cambridge, Mass. M. F. D.

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LAURA HASTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright, spring-like morning in the early part of February, four years ago, when the door of a large brick dwelling-house in Clarke Avenue, in the quiet inland city of B——, might have been seen to open suddenly and then close, after giving time for the egress of the light, active figure of a young girl, who ran hastily down the high marble steps, and then tripped lightly down the street.

She carried a pile of books under her arm, and one was open in her hand, upon which, from time to time her eyes were fastened, while her lips moved, as though she was committing a lesson to memory.

You could scarcely have told her age by looking at her, for, although she was tall and well formed, there was a childish *abandon* in the way she walked, now fast, now slow, sometimes stopping entirely and then skipping rapidly along to make up for lost time; and a bright, happy expression resting upon her face which can only be found in extreme youth.

She wore a heavy winter shawl of bright colors thrown loosely around her, and a jaunty little beaver hat placed carelessly upon her head, with the strings unfastened and blown about with the breeze.

She was not at all pretty, yet no one would ever have thought of calling her homely. Her eyes were large, dark, and expressive, and there was a sweet, winning expression about her rosy mouth when she smiled, which made her face a very attractive one. For the rest—the shawl which had fallen half-way off, revealed a pair of elegantly turned shoulders and a slender waist around which the strings of a snowy white apron were tied. The neatly fitting brown merino dress was finished off at the neck and wrists by a tiny band and cuffs of spotless linen.

While we have been describing her, she has allowed her book to close and has fallen into a reverie, from which she is aroused by hearing her name called out, by a clear young voice behind her.

"Mabel! Mabel Thornton! have you grown suddenly deaf?"

She turned around, and waited with a smile upon her face, until the owner of the voice came up to her, heated and out of breath.

"Now I should like very much to know what your ladyship was thinking of so intently, as to be completely oblivious to everything that is going on around you," began the new comer as soon as she was able to speak. "Here I have been calling to you for ten minutes at least, and running after you until I have not a particle of breath left."

"What was I thinking of?" Mabel replied in an abstracted tone. "Oh, yes! I can tell you now. Do you know, Helen, that when school closes this year, it closes for good and all?"

Her companion replied only by a look of astonishment, but that was sufficient to convince Mabel that she did *not* know.

"Yes—Miss Harper says her health will not permit her to resume teaching after this term."

A pause of a moment's duration, and then Mabel abruptly exclaimed—

"Helen, have you any idea what you will do?"

"Do about what?"

"Why about going to school, of course."

"Oh, yes! I know but too well what I shall do. Papa will pack me off to some hateful old boarding-school, where I shall be half starved, and never see any other faces but those of my fellow-prisoners from one week's end to another. I declare it is downright hateful of Miss Harper to act so!"

"Why, Helen, how unreasonable you are!" Mabel exclaimed with a laugh. "Do you suppose Miss Harper would get sick if she could help it?"

"Yes," her companion persisted. "She always was a hateful old thing, doing just what you don't want her to do; but what are you going to do, Mabel?"

A shadow passed over the face of our little friend as she replied,

"Papa thinks I am old enough to leave school. All my sisters completed their educations when they were my age or younger; and papa says I must stop now or else go to a boarding-school; and I never would be willing to do that; so in July I shall leave school for good. You know, Helen, I will be sixteen next month; and the girls at the Institute generally graduate when they reach that age.

"I am real sorry though," she continued in a thoughtful, sober manner, "for Miss Harper says I am getting along so nicely with my French; and now I guess I will go backwards as fast as I can." There were tears in the bright eyes, but she resolutely drove them back, and said, after a moment's reflection, "Ah, well! I suppose it is all for the best, and I intend to go on with my studies at home for a year or two longer."

Helen looked incredulous, and then said,

"Well! I will be 'sweet sixteen' in a short time too, and I wish I could be in your place; but my father would send me to school all my life if he could, I believe; and he says I am to go until I am eighteen, and so I suppose I shall unless I am married before then, which I hope will be the case."

Mabel laughed and said,

"I pity the unfortunate man who is to get you."

And Helen laughed too, and then they walked along in silence for a few moments.

"Have your new neighbors arrived, Helen?" Mabel at length inquired.

"My dear you! what a stupid thing I am; why that was the very thing I was running after you to tell you. They came yesterday; and I *do* wish you could have seen them. They are the queerest looking people I ever gazed upon. Mr. Mortimer, the father of the family, is a nice, dignified old gentleman; but his wife—oh gracious!" and here Helen paused and looked unutterable things.

"Do tell me all about them," said Mabel, "I am all curiosity. What is Mrs. Mortimer's style? and her daughter's? and the sons'—there are two of them, are there not?"

"As to Mrs. Mortimer, you have only to step down to the fish-market and single out one of the fattest, most greasy, loudest talking and fussiest of the women there, and you will behold her living image. The daughter is a fat buxom lass, greatly resembling her mamma, but with her peculiarities softened down a great deal. She has carroty hair, which I am told her admirers call 'golden,' and which she wears streaming around her face in what she styles 'ringlets.' Mother and daughter both dress in the most *outre* style imaginable, and altogether they are quite a curiosity—the whole family I mean, for the elder son is the ugliest mortal the sun ever shone upon, and—"

"Oh, Helen! how extravagant you are!" Mabel interrupted.

"It is the truth, my dear girl—and the other one has a tolerably good-looking face, but is deformed, or something is the matter with him, for he never leaves his room, and they speak of him as being 'afflicted.'"

"Where in the world did you get all your information, Helen? You seem to know all about the family, from the father down."

Helen blushed slightly, a very unusual thing for her, and replied,

"Well! to tell the truth, Mabel, I heard what I have told you from the servants, and I saw the family as they alighted from the carriage upon their arrival. I think I shall 'set my cap' for the oldest son, notwithstanding his ugliness. They say he is rich. And you just ought to see the way he watches our front windows when I am at home—I enjoy it hugely. But, oh! he is so ugly. Such little red eyes, and such a nose, and the ugliest sandy hair and very little—"

Helen paused suddenly in her description. Mabel had laid her hand upon her arm to silence her, and looking up she beheld the object of their conversation approaching. To her great astonishment he took off his hat most respectfully to Mabel, who inclined her head slightly and passed on with burning cheeks.

"Why, Mabel Thornton!" Helen exclaimed. "Do you know Harry Mortimer? Why did you not tell me? I think it was down-right mean of you not to do so."

"I did not know it myself," said Mabel, with a laugh. "The gentleman who has just passed us, and who you say is Mr. Mortimer, had an opportunity of rendering me a service late last evening as I was going home. I half imagined he was one of the new-comers, but I was not sure of it until you began describing him. Here we are at school, however, so we will say no more about it," and Mabel ran swiftly up the steps and disappeared behind the school-room door.

Helen followed slowly and paused a moment ere she entered. There was a cold glitter in her light gray eyes which would have irresistibly recalled to the minds of those who had ever gazed upon them the treacherous orbs of a serpent as she said in a half whisper, "You may have the advantage of me now, Miss Mabel Thornton, but I will be even with you yet."

CHAPTER II.

The commencement of the midsummer vacation, as she herself had predicted, brought to a close the school-days of Mabel Thornton. Very sadly she bade adieu to her tenderly loved teacher, who was about to seek another climate in hopes of benefitting her declining health; and long she lingered in the school-room loath to quit for ever the scene of so many pleasures as well as of so much pain, for school-days although the happiest of our lives, are not *all* happiness, and Mabel had had the same trials to endure that fall to the lot of the most of school-girls.

Of her friend Helen Morrison, Mabel saw but little during the summer. She did indeed meet her occasionally on the street, but at these times Helen was nearly always accompanied by her new neighbor, Miss Mortimer, for whom she now professed the most unbounded affection, or with young Mr. Mortimer with whom also she appeared to be on most excellent terms.

A smile of recognition and a nod was all that passed between the two when they thus met, for Mabel had not become acquainted with Miss Mortimer, and to Mr. Mortimer she had never spoken, save on the one occasion we have mentioned.

Whenever Helen met Mabel, when she was accompanied by Mr. Mortimer, she would suddenly become extravagantly gay, and converse with him in the most animated tones; but the cold light glittered in her treacherous eyes all the while, boding no good to the unconscious Mabel.

Harry Mortimer, if anxious to gain the favor of Helen, had commited a grave error. He had admired Mabel extravagantly, and had not hesitated to say to his companion and to request an introduction to her.

Helen almost hated him when he made the request, and thought he had never appeared so hideous; but hideous or not he was heir-expectant to an immense fortune, and Mabel Thornton, she vowed should never share it with him. Young as she was, Helen was ambitious, and she had determined in her secret soul that she or no one else should be the bride of Harry Mortimer, who, although well known to be extremely dissipated and universally acknowledged as totally devoid of all personal charms, was considered by manœuvering mammas and marriageable daughters as quite a prize in the matrimonial market.

One excuse after another was given by Helen for not complying with Mr. Mortimer's oft-repeated request, until at last one evening when summer had given place to autumn the three met at an entertainment given by a friend. Mabel was looking unusually well, and again Mr. Mortimer requested Helen to introduce him to her.

"I introduce him to Mabel!" when she was on the eve of leaving home to bury herself in the detested boarding-school she had so dreaded, and thus leave the field open to her, whose attractions she felt with something of intuition she had reason to fear—it was not to be thought of for a moment. She hesitated an instant ere she replied with an appearance of reluctance.

"Tell me the truth, Mr. Mortimer, I asked Mabel long ago to allow me to bring you to see her, and she very coldly and haughtily declined the honor of your acquaintance. I am *too* sorry to be obliged to tell you this," she added, as she saw the red flush deepen on his cheek; "but you *must* see in what a position I am placed. You insist upon being introduced to my friend, and I *cannot* gratify you against her will. Oh, dear! how I wish I had not told you!" she exclaimed, as he still remained silent, and his face wore a look of displeasure.

"My dear Miss Helen," he said, taking her not unwilling hand in his. "You have proved to me what a true friend you can be. I am glad you have told me this, very glad indeed. Between such friends as we are there should be no concealments."

There was a tenderness in his voice Helen had never remarked before which made her heart beat fast and her eyes sparkle with pleasure. There was silence for a few moments, and then she asked abruptly, not without a purpose, however,

"Do you not think it excessively warm in this crowded room?"

"Yes, very. Will you not try a promenade on the veranda?"

It was what she most desired; yet fearing to show her willingness too plainly she said,

"I am afraid it is almost too cool; however with my mantle—"

"I will bring it in a moment," said Mr. Mortimer, hastening away; but alas! for Helen's expectations, just as he returned with the mantle, and was about to fold it around her a gentleman approached them saying,

"This is our set, I believe, Miss Helen," and she was obliged to leave him upon whose lips she fondly believed a declaration of love was trembling.

"After the set is over," she whispered, with a glance of intelligence as her partner led her away, but the set was over, and another and another, and still Harry Mortimer did not come to claim the fulfillment of her promise.

What could it mean? He surely had not gone off, she thought, uneasily and wearied and warm, Helen stole off wrapping her mantle around her, and threw herself upon a seat on the veranda, half concealed by vines, whose leaves the early autumn had not yet stolen.

The low hum of voices, and the sound of measured steps fell on her ear before she had long been seated. It was a single couple slowly pacing up and down the long veranda. One of the voices a deep, manly one, though speaking in low tones, was painfully familiar to her. It was that of Harry Mortimer; but the other—whose could it be? Helen was dying with curiosity and vexation. The voice which replied to the well-known one, was so low that she could scarcely catch its tones at all.

How very provoking it was that they should always turn before they reached the place where Helen sat, and the veranda at that end was far too dark for her to distinguish any one at a distance. To leave her seat was to betray herself she feared, yet she must and *would* see who Mr. Mortimer's companion was, so wrapping the white mantle more closely around her, and drawing the hood over her face to conceal it as much as possible, she arose and softly glided past the receding figures. Even as she passed she could not see their faces; but a low musical laugh fell upon her ear, revealing but too plainly the rival she most dreaded—Mabel Thornton.

The two started as the white-robed figure passed swiftly and noiselessly by, and Harry Mortimer exclaiming in a mock-tragedy tone, "What vision art thou?" started in pursuit. But the house was more familiar to Helen than to her pursuer, and ere he had followed her many steps she had found an entrance unknown to him, and disappeared.

Harry Mortimer leaving Helen had walked away moodily. His self-love was wounded; he was more vexed than he would have liked to have owned, that Mabel Thornton should have declined his acquaintance. He had been so courted, so eagerly welcomed into their families of so many since his arrival in B——, and although he was sensible enough to know that his wealth was the great attraction, it provoked him now to think that a mere child like Mabel Thornton should refuse to become acquainted with him. Full of his own thoughts, he passed on utterly unconscious where he was going, until his feet became hopelessly entangled in the trailing folds of a lady's dress thus impeding his further progress. With a desperate effort he extricated himself, but at the expense of the dress the whole lower portion of which lay torn and rumpled upon the floor.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," he said, more earnestly than he was in the habit of speaking, and then as the lady's face was turned towards him, as she bent her head in acknowledgment of his apology, he perceived that she was the very person who had been in his thoughts, at the same instant the gentleman who was standing with her sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Why, Mortimer, old fellow, how are you? It has been an age since I last saw you;" and his hand was grasped by that of an old college friend whom he had not seen for years.

"Dick, my boy! I am delighted to see you. Where did you spring from?"

"Oh! from wandering up and down, as usual; was within fifty miles of B——, and could not resist the inclination to drop in and give the good old inhabitants a shaking up, but—you are not acquainted with my cousin, I perceive. Mabel, allow me to introduce my very particular friend and former chum, Mr. Harry Mortimer. Harry, I take great pleasure in making you acquainted with Miss Mabel Thornton, the dearest and best little cousin in the world. What! is that the way you are going to acknowledge my introduction?" as the two bowed formally. "That will never do; shake hands on't in the good old style. Two such good friends of mine must become friends of each other in time, if they are not such at present, and their friendship must have no such formal beginning."

Mabel extended her soft white hand, and Mr. Mortimer held it in his own an instant, as she said earnestly:

"Any friend of yours, dear Richard, I am most happy to know."

"So," thought Harry Mortimer, "though disliked for my own sake, Miss Thornton is kind enough to tolerate me because a friend of her *dear* cousin."

"I owe you more apologies than I can utter," he said, as Mabel endeavored to gather up her torn robe, but before she was able to reply, her cousin exclaimed, in his blunt way,

"It serves girls right to have their dresses torn for wearing them such a ridiculous length. Here is this child—a year ago she wore short frocks and pantalettes; now behold her trailing yards of muslin after her, endangering everybody's neck, and making a fellow feel like swearing whenever he comes near her. Come out here on the piazza, Mabel, and I'll relieve you of all that superfluous finery that has been been lying under everybody's feet all the evening."

"Much obliged to you for your kind intentions, Cousin Richard, but I believe I'll not trouble you; I will go to the dressing room, however, where a needle and thread will soon make all right. This way is the nearest, I believe," said Mabel, as she stepped out on the veranda, and with a slight inclination of her head to Mr. Mortimer, she disappeared, her cousin calling after her, "Meet me here, Mabel, I will wait for you."

"Is she not a dear little thing?" said Mr. Thornton to his friend, as they walked up and down the veranda after she had left them. "I declare I am about half in love with her; but you can't judge yet, Mortimer; one must know her well to appreciate her."

The conversation changed, and for some moments they talked of old times and old friends. Then the musicians began playing a waltz. Richard Thornton was passionately fond of waltzing, and the one he now listened to was an especial favorite.

"I do wish Mabel would come," he said, impatiently. "She promised to waltz with me, and I am afraid she will not be in time."

A few more turns on the veranda, and then he exclaimed:

"My dear Mortimer! if you do not want to waltz yourself, you will oblige me greatly by waiting here for my cousin. I really cannot stand it any longer!" and scarcely waiting for a reply he darted off, and in another moment was whirling round the room in the fascinating dance.

Mr. Mortimer had not long to wait. He was leaning upon one of the pillars which supported the veranda, his forehead resting on his hand, his thoughts far away, when he was aroused by a light, hasty step behind him, and a soft touch on his shoulder, while a sweet voice exclaimed:

"Our waltz, Richard! Quick! or we will be too late."

He turned, and Mabel started back in dismay, while the crimson tide mantled neck and brow.

"Pray excuse me," she said, greatly confused, "I mistook you for my cousin."

Harry Mortimer really felt sorry for her, in spite of the feeling of bitterness which still lingered in his heart, and to restore her equanimity he led her to a more retired part of the veranda, and proposed a promenade, while he explained to her the cause of her cousin's absence. In a few moments Mabel was herself again, and able to converse on various subjects. After a short time she began, with the abrupt frankness so natural to one so young and so little versed in the ways of the world:

"I have wanted to know you, Mr. Mortimer, ever since you have been here, in order to express more coherently than I was able to do at the time, my gratitude for a service you rendered me very soon after your arrival in this place. It has been so long ago, though, that you, I suppose, have forgotten all about it."

"I have wanted to know you." The words, so totally at variance with Helen's statement, haunted him during the remainder of the evening—rang in his ears while he assured Mabel that he had never forgotten the occasion she alluded to, and never should forget it—troubled him when he looked down into the depths of her beautiful, truthful eyes, and wondered how one so seemingly pure and good could be so tainted with that foul blemish, *deceit*.

A dozen times it was on his lips to tell her what he had heard. He would mention no names, indeed—but then she would know full well who had told him, and he dismissed the idea. He did not, he could not believe that she had haughtily declined the honor of his acquaintance, as Helen had mockingly said, when now she appeared so innocently happy to know him, so perfectly at ease in his society; but then again, what possible motive could Helen have had in telling him anything so disagreeable, if it were not true, and again he was lost in doubt.

He tried to turn his thoughts from the unpleasant subject, and to listen to the merry girlish conversation of his new acquaintance, but he could think of nothing but her strange inconsistency. Presently she mentioned the name of Helen Morrison, and at once he was all attention. Mabel could not but notice the change in his manner, for before he had been silent and abstracted, and she attributed it to a feeling of more than ordinary interest in her former schoolmate, and thereupon waxed warm in praise of her. They had been friends and classmates so long, she said, that she had a better opportunity of knowing her character than most persons.

"Very few persons do Helen justice," she said, earnestly. "Her candor and truthfulness give her something of a *brusque* manner, which many are too apt to call rudeness. But she is *not* rude, only sincere. Helen would not stoop to flatter a monarch on his throne; she hates deceit above all other failings, and I do not believe she would utter an untruth for anything in the whole world."

Mabel looked absolutely beautiful as she thus warmly spoke of her friend, the color deepening in her cheek, and the light flashing in her soft brown eyes. No one, not even the most skeptical, could have doubted her sincerity then; she did, indeed, believe every word she uttered. Yet by her own words was she condemned in Harry Mortimer's mind.

He believed with her that "Helen Morrison would not utter an untruth for all the world." He did not like to think that the warm-hearted little being beside him would do so either, but deceit had been practised somewhere, and as it could not have been by Helen, it *must* have been by her. Yet in spite of this grave failing, he could not help feeling a growing interest in his new acquaintance, and as still they continued to pace up and down the long veranda, totally unmindful of the flight of time, each acknowledged some new trait of character worthy of admiration in the other. The apparition of Helen startling them, as she passed with noiseless step, interrupted the conversation, and broke the spell which bound them; and when Mortimer returned from his unsuccessful pursuit, Mabel proposed returning to the ball room, where they very soon separated; not, however, before Mr. Mortimer had said:

"May I hope, Miss Thornton, that the acquaintance happily begun will not end with this most delightful evening; that you will allow me the privilege of visiting you sometimes."

And Mabel had replied:

"I will be very glad to see you at any and at all times. Papa and mamma too, I know, will be glad to welcome any friend of Richard's."

CHAPTER III.

More than six months had passed away ere Mabel and her new friend met again. On calling at her father's house, the evening after the party, Mr. Mortimer learned that she had been hastily summoned from home by a married sister living in a distant city, who had written most urgently for Mabel to come without delay to assist in nursing one of her children—Mabel's favorite little niece, who was dangerously ill. There was no resisting such an appeal, and six hours after the letter had reached her, Mabel was ready to depart on her mission of love.

The little sufferer recovered slowly, and several months had passed before Mabel could think of leaving her; but when she no longer required her attention, she began to talk of returning home. To this her sister would by no means agree; and having received permission from her parents to stay as long as she wished, Mabel consented to remain.

The weeks flew swiftly by, and, surrounded by companions of her own age, petted by her sister and brother-in-law, loved and caressed by the children, she led a life of perfect enjoyment. Spring came before she was aware of it, bringing with it the fixed time of her departure. In her frequent letters home, Mabel had said that nothing should induce her to prolong her stay after April, and weighty indeed must have been the cause which would have made her break a promise.

It was only a few days before the one on which she was to leave the city, when Mabel, returning from a shopping expedition with her sister, encountered no less a personage than Harry Mortimer. It was a great surprise to both, and a very agreeable one, Mrs. Herbert (Mabel's sister) thought, to judge from their faces. For some moments they talked eagerly, unmindful of everything but their pleasure in meeting, and then Mabel, apologizing for her forgetfulness, introduced Mr. Mortimer to her sister.

Mrs. Herbert was but little pleased with Mabel's friend. In addition to his unprepossessing appearance, there was a freedom from all restraint, a familiarity in his tone which she privately decided was excessively disagreeable, to say the least of it.

But Mabel was pleased to see any one from home. She remembered, too, how very agreeable he had been on the memorable evening of the party, each incident of which they now recalled with so much pleasure, and she did not notice that his face was flushed, that his eye was heavy, his gait rather unsteady, and that his manner towards her lacked the deference due an acquaintance whom he had met but once before.

She urged him to enter when they reached home, and felt provoked that her sister did not second her invitation more warmly. Mr. Mortimer expressed much regret at being unable to accept their invitation, but an engagement, which it was impossible to break, demanded his immediate attention, and he left, saying that with their permission he would call during the evening.

On entering the parlor, about nine o'clock that evening, he found Mr. and Mrs. Herbert alone. To the gentleman he was introduced, and at once and with perfect ease he entered into a conversation with him. Mrs. Herbert thought perhaps she had done him injustice, and a few moments after Mabel entered, arose and left the room, her husband soon following, both wisely thinking the young friends would rather be alone.

The evening passed delightfully to both, and it was not until a late hour that Mr. Mortimer arose to go.

"I cannot half express to you, Miss Mabel," he said, taking her hand in his, "the pleasure this meeting has given me."

"It has given me quite as much pleasure, I am sure," said Mabel, suffering her hand to remain in his. "It is always pleasant to meet a friend from home, and surely I may call *you* thus, although our acquaintance could only be measured by hours, instead of months or years."

"*Friend* no longer, Miss Thornton. Something far dearer, I trust, from this hour. Mabel! listen to me. I love you more than all the world beside. From the hour I first saw you, I have looked forward to this moment, when I could lay myself, all unworthy as I feel that self to be, at your feet, and beg that you will let me

love you, that you would promise to give me the priceless treasure of your love in return."

To say that Mabel was astonished would give too faint an idea of her feelings when she listened to the words of her companion. Several times she opened her lips to speak, but no sound came from them. His communication was so startling, it had fairly taken her breath away. She withdrew the hand he pressed so wildly to his lips, and, with a great effort, said:

"*Nothing* could have surprised me more than what you have just said, Mr. Mortimer, and in truth I scarcely know what to say in reply."

"Say that you will love me, that you will be mine, my very own," he interrupted, endeavoring to draw her towards him.

She drew herself away, exclaiming, "Oh! believe me, believe me, it pains me very much to have to tell you so, but yours I can never be. I esteem, I *like* you as a friend, but more than that you cannot be to me."

"But why not? Oh! do not thus destroy my hopes at a single blow. Tell me, Mabel, my beautiful, peerless Mabel, why do you say you cannot be my wife?"

"Because I do not love you," she answered, truthfully.

"Not yet; but you will learn to love me. Oh! Mabel, *darling*, give me *some* hope; do not destroy me utterly."

"It would be cruel to tell you to hope, when I knew there was no room for hope," she answered, gently but firmly.

"But I love you so dearly, Mabel," he urged. "And you are so young yet, you do not know your own heart. Only promise me that you will think often of what I have said, and I know you cannot fail to feel something of tenderness for me. If the devotion of a lifetime can win your love, then, dearest, I am confident of success."

Once more he sought to clasp her shrinking form in his arms, to press her unwilling lips to his. She freed herself with an effort, exclaiming:

"Your actions are most unwarrantable, Mr. Mortimer, considering the briefness of our acquaintance and the answer I have just given you. A woman's love is surely not to be won by violence. You will force me to tell you that your conduct is unworthy of a gentleman."

He cast upon her a look of fury, and turning away, said, haughtily:

"If such is your opinion, Miss Thornton, I will relieve you of my presence."

Poor Mabel! so young, so guileless, she knew not what to say. She only felt that he was going away displeased and hurt. She feared she had said too much, and unwilling to lose his friendship, she stammered forth—

"Stay! do not go away in anger. I am very sorry—"

He waited for no more, but again taking her hand, said, in most persuasive tones, "You will let me hope, then, dearest Mabel?"

His face was bent so close to hers now that his breath touched her cheek. That breath was a perfect revelation to Mabel. It told her but too plainly that he had been drinking. She sprang from him in horror, and stood at a distance gazing upon him with eyes fairly ablaze.

He, the *blase* man of the world, cowered beneath the steady gaze, revealing scorn and disgust of this pure-souled girl, over whose head but seventeen summers had passed.

She found her voice at last, and said, in a low, thrilling tone—

"You have offered me the greatest insult it is possible for a man to offer a woman. You have *dared* to come into my presence in a condition in which no *gentleman* would ever approach a lady. . . You have spoken words of love to me, when you knew not what you were saying, when a single night will obliterate all recollection of them from your mind. My contempt for you is only equalled by my indignation that you should have so deceived me and awakened my sympathy for you in what I sincerely believed to be a grievous disappointment to you; and—and—"

Mabel could say no more. Her companion began eagerly to speak in vindication of himself, but she would not hear a word.

"Leave me instantly, sir! Do not compel me to call my brother-in-law, or, believe me, your departure will be more hasty than it will be agreeable to you."

All the angry passion within her was roused. Her blood fairly boiled when she thought of the indignity that had been offered her; but she would not forget that she was a *lady*, and she spoke in even tones though it cost her great effort to do so.

Without a word he left her; and then Mabel hastening to her own room, threw herself upon her bed and shed many bitter tears.

Early on the following morning, a servant brought to her room an exquisite bouquet of rare hot-house flowers and a letter. Around the stems of the flowers was twisted a slip of paper, on which was written,

"A peace-offering."

The letter contained a frank, manly apology for what had occured the evening before. The writer did not endeavor to excuse himself in the least. He acknowledged that he had been most culpable—that her anger had been most just. He spoke sadly and humbly of the weakness that induced him to join his friends in the social glass, when he knew that on such occasions he always indulged far beyond what he was able to stand; but he begged her not to judge him by what she had seen of him that evening, and assured her that the knowledge that she felt an interest in him, even if it was no more than a friendly one, would do much towards assisting him in keeping a resolution he had made on leaving her—never again to touch a drop of any intoxicating drink. In conclusion he would say to Miss Thornton, that one night had not obliterated all recollection of the words of love he had spoken, but that at present he thought it best to say no more on that subject. He would return to B——— in a fortnight, at the end of which time he trusted Miss Thornton would extend her forgiveness to him and a renewal of favor.

It was a letter calculated to melt a harder heart than Mabel's. So humble, so penitent. And you must not blame her, reader, that she pardoned him at once, and thought that there was really something very loveable about him after all.

But she would never love him—oh! no. Not for one instant did she entertain the thought. She had her ideal (what girl of her age has not?) and it was very different from Mr. Mortimer, who, although a very nice fellow in spite of his failings, could never be thought of as a lover.

Tall and dark, midnight eyes, raven locks, hands of alabaster fairness, feet of minute proportions, and a voice of thrilling sweetness; this was Mabel's ideal. She had never met him yet, but she would she knew, and perhaps soon, something seemed to tell her it would be very soon.

CHAPTER IV.

Mabel was eagerly welcomed home by her parents and friends, all of whom decided privately that six months had worked wonders in her. She had indeed improved greatly; even Helen Morrison, at home on a short vacation, was forced to acknowledge it with a secret pang as she wondered what effect her beauty would have on Harry Mortimer.

That gentleman returned home a few days before Helen left to resume her studies, and as he was quite as attentive to her as she thought he ought to be, and never mentioned Mabel's name, Helen left home in very good spirits.

"He is waiting until I leave school before he proposes, knowing it will only be a few months longer," she said to herself, as she was borne along in the rattling train of cars.

And Mabel? She had met him for the first time with considerable embarrassment, but, with her own sweet frankness, had laid her hand in his, saying:

"I have accepted your apology, and we will think no more of that unfortunate evening."

The summer passed very pleasantly to Mabel. To Harry Mortimer she owed many pleasant moments, many delightful walks and rides and drives. The young gentleman lost no opportunity to press his suit, but Mabel's answer was always the same.

"Your friendship is very precious to me, Mr. Mortimer. I do not know how I should exist without it; but I do not love you, and I know I never shall."

Plain words, but sweetly spoken, and he who heard them was not offended.

In the long summer rambles, Harry Mortimer had often spoken to Mabel on the subject nearest to his heart. Of his country struggling to put down the rebellion which had now become so formidable; of his own desire to aid her in that struggle; of his wish to volunteer, from which he was restrained by the entreaties of his family, and finally asking:

"Do you think I *ought* to yield to the influence which binds me here? Do you think it is *right* for me to stay idling at home when my country has need of me?"

"I think it is the duty of every patriot to fight for his country," Mabel had answered with kindling eyes. "I think no mother, father, sister, or brother, has any right to keep back even *one* from the glory of serving his country. I see no reason why we should not be as patriotic as the women of the South. I think it the duty of every woman to rise up and send forth her loved ones to the fight, knowing that a glorious fate awaits them whether they live or die."

She little knew the effect her words would have upon him. A few days after, he came to say "Good-bye." He was going to New York, he said, but not for long; he would very soon be back. There was an earnestness in his voice when he said "God bless you, my dear, *dear* friend," as he left her, that Mabel could not account for, and something of a mystery about his going which troubled her, but she determined to wait patiently until he returned, when she knew he would explain it to her.

The explanation was very simple; she read it for herself a few weeks later, when he stood before her in a lieutenant's uniform, and said softly and earnestly, in answer to her wondering gaze:

"I am going to the war, Miss Mabel. Will you not bid me 'God speed?'"

Going! She could not believe it. She felt the blood leaving her face, the tears filling her eyes, and in the thousand strange sensations never before experienced, *knew that she loved him.*

And Harry Mortimer had read the blessed secret too. He knew that the love he had striven so patiently to gain, which she had said would never come, *had* come at last, and he gathered her to his bosom and whispered:

"Mine at last—my very own, my precious, darling, beautiful Mabel!"

She would gladly have rested there forever—but oh! that horrid uniform! It reminded her too forcibly that he was about to leave her—to leave her in the hour in which their happiness was so complete; to leave her—perhaps never to return. He read her thoughts in the shudder which ran through her, causing her to cling more closely to him, and he felt that at last he was loved with a tenderness equal to his own.

His last good-bye was given to her; *her* lips received his last kiss, and he was gone. Mabel felt that there was nothing left for her but to pray—and to wait.

In October, Helen Morrison, having finished her education, returned home. Her first visit was to her friend, Addie Mortimer, from whom she learned, greatly to her dismay, that Harry had gone into the army.

If Miss Mortimer could have foreseen the consequences, she never would have given Helen the information she imparted just as she was leaving.

"By the way, Helen," she said, "I have some news to tell you of Harry; as you are such an old friend, I feel perfectly safe in doing so, though no one outside of the immediate families know it as yet. Harry is engaged to be married, and to the dearest little thing. Just guess who it is."

Helen made a mighty effort, and said indeed she could not imagine.

"And yet she is an old friend of yours," said Miss Mortimer. "But I will not keep you longer in suspense. It is Mabel Thornton."

"What!"

If her life had been the forfeit, Helen could not have kept back the exclamation; but she recovered in a moment, and said, with a forced laugh:

"Well, I am surprised! I never would have thought Mabel a girl your brother would be apt to fancy. However, there is no accounting for taste."

There was so much hidden meaning in the manner in which she spoke, that Miss Mortimer felt uneasy. She said, however, with something of dignity:

"Do you know of any reason why he should not fancy her?"

"Oh, no—no reason in the world. Pray, do not misunderstand me," Helen answered in the same unnatural tone.

"And yet, Helen, I must think, from your manner, that you do know something, and I insist upon your telling me what it is."

"Now, my dear Addie," Helen began, "I am the last person in the world to make mischief, and therefore I shall not tell you anything at all. Your brother is surely old enough to judge for himself, and he would thank me but little for saying aught against his lady-love."

"But, Helen—" interrupted her friend.

"Nay, Addie—no 'but' about it," said Helen, turning to depart. "I shall not say another word. All I hope is, that when your brother has known Mabel as long as I have, he will think as highly of her as he does at present."

Miss Mortimer's mind was filled with doubts and misgivings. When, shortly after his departure, her brother had written to his family, announcing his engagement, and had requested her to call upon her future sister-in-law, she had immediately complied with his request, and had been delighted with his choice. Indeed, with her artlessness, her gentle, winning ways, Mabel had won the hearts of the whole Mortimer family.

Miss Mortimer's next letter to her brother contained this paragraph:

"I have seen but little of Mabel lately. Helen Morrison has returned, and we are, as usual, inseparable. By the way, Harry, dear, from something Helen accidentally let fall in conversation a few days ago, I am disposed to feel rather uneasy about Mabel—to fear she is not all we believe her to be. Helen would not say anything against her when questioned—said she was not one to make mischief—but I am sure she could tell a great deal if she only would."

Harry Mortimer was of a suspicious nature, and instead of telling his sister that she should not regard any insinuations breathed against his sweet betrothed whom he considered all truth and purity, urged her to find out from Helen what she had meant; to make her speak openly of what she had before only hinted at.

Miss Mortimer again wrote—

"I have urged Helen again and again, to tell me what we so much desire to know, but without success. Sometimes she seems to be on the point of doing so and then exclaims, 'No, I would not tell you for all the world,' and again she declares she knows nothing at all. I have made use of every argument to draw it from her, but all in vain. A day or two ago we were walking together, when turning a corner we met Mabel face to face, accompanied by a very handsome officer. Mabel blushed scarlet when she passed; and when I asked Helen who her escort was, she replied laughingly, 'Oh! her old beau, Dick Thornton, Captain Thornton now I perceive by his straps. I wonder—' and then she paused. 'Wonder what, Helen,' I inquired. 'Oh, nothing,' was her reply, and I could not induce her to say anything more; but I cannot help thinking that this Mr. Thornton has something to do with the mystery to which Helen has the clue, especially as some of my own observations lead me to believe that the young gentleman and Mabel are on rather too familiar terms, considering the lady's position towards you. I called to see her this morning, more for the purpose of finding out something about Captain Thornton than anything else. A servant was standing at the open door, so I did not have to ring, but was shown at once into the parlor.

"I found myself considerably *de trop*. In the farthest corner of the room Mabel was seated on a sofa, while before her knelt Captain Thornton, holding some worsted which Mabel was winding. As I entered, he said something in a very low tone. Mabel looked pleased, and blushed as she replied 'you foolish fellow,' and then he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. At that moment they beheld me. You may imagine the feelings of all three were none of the pleasantest. They both sprang up in the greatest confusion, and Mabel's face grew crimson. It was sometime before she was sufficiently composed to introduce her companion to me. She laid great stress on the words 'my cousin,' and it seemed to me a glance was exchanged between them when she did so. I stayed but a few moments, and Mabel appeared greatly relieved when I arose to go. Now, my dearest Harry, I do not tell you all this to distress you, but because I think it my duty as your only sister, to prevent you rushing blindly upon a life-long misery, as I am sure you will do, if you marry one so full of dissimulation, so unfaithful to you as Mabel must be, thus to take advantage of your absence, to carry on a flirtation with her cousin."

The letter concluded thus—

"I am glad to hear you are stationed at Washington; and for fear you will be ordered away soon, mamma and I have determined to pay you our promised visit without delay. Helen Morrison will probably accompany us, as she is very anxious to visit the Capital. You may expect us very soon after you receive this."

This letter caused Harry Mortimer many sleepless nights. He was a man of an extremely jealous temperament, and the picture his sister had given him of what she herself had beheld, was keenest torture to him. He remembered the words of Richard Thornton on the evening of his introduction to Mabel:

"Is she not a dear little thing, Mortimer? I declare I am about half in love with her."

What if he was quite in love with her now—if Mabel should prove false to him. The thought was agony. He took out the last letter he had received from her and read it again and again. It restored confidence to him, he could not believe her other than the truthful, loving little being who had clung to him so tearfully but little more than a month before; and yet in spite of himself his next letter to her was not quite as tenderly, affectionate and lover-like as his others had been, and Mabel all unconscious of the cause, shed many tears over it, and feared that his love was growing cold.

CHAPTER V.

Helen Morrison went into raptures over Lieutenant Mortimer, when a week later she met him in Washington. She thought his uniform "the most becoming thing in the world," declared she had never seen him look half so well, and admired his soldierly bearing and military air with so much apparent sincerity, that the young lieutenant was forced to admit that Miss Helen was "really a very pleasant young lady," and to determine that he would show her every attention in his power while she remained in the city. In consequence of this, they were together a part of every day.

It was but a few days after their arrival, that Helen, returning quite late in the evening from a concert, declared she was too tired to think of mounting the long flight of stairs which led to her room, and turned into the deserted parlor, where she threw herself upon a sofa to rest.

Lieutenant Mortimer took a seat beside her, and for a few moments there was perfect silence. *His* thoughts were with a little dark-eyed girl far away; and Helen glancing at his face, knew it as well as though his heart lay bare before her.

"You must have thought me very remiss, lieutenant," she said, "in not offering you my congratulations before this; for Addie has of course told you that she informed me sometime since of your engagement. Though I have not spoken before, you have had my best wishes all the time—my warmest prayers that you might be as happy as heart could desire."

She saw that he winced under her words; but he spoke perfectly calm, as he said,

"Thank you; you are very kind."

"You *will* be very happy, I know. I am sure you *ought* to be," she said softly and with much feeling.

His heart was too full for utterance just then, but he raised her hand to his lips and then released it with a silence pressure.

"You know my—Mabel, very well, Miss Helen?" he asked after a few moments.

"Yes, I used to know a great deal of Mabel."

It would be impossible to describe the tone in which Helen uttered the words so simple in themselves. It goaded her companion past endurance; he sprang up, exclaiming,

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Helen, tell me what it is that my sister tells me, you have so often hinted at so darkly. It is cruel, it is unjust to torture me thus. Your tone assures me beyond the possibility of a doubt, that there is some secret connected with Mabel which I of all men on earth ought to know. Oh! Miss Helen, by all you hold most dear, I conjure you—tell me what this unhappy secret is. Nay I *demand* it as my right," he said, becoming more excited. I *will* know it ere your foot crosses the threshold of yonder door."

"You forget yourself strangely, Mr. Mortimer," Helen replied, haughtily.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly. "I did indeed forget all but my own misery. But you will be generous and pardon me, I know, and make me your debtor for life, by telling me what I wish to know."

Her debtor for life—if she could but make him *her own* for life, she would be willing to tell him anything. It might be after all. Besides Mabel there was no one for whom he cared more than herself. Mabel once out of the way and she was sure of winning him. It was worth trying for at all events, and Helen began to tell the story she had so carefully prepared.

Even then a voice whispered, "You are selling your soul for what can never be yours"—but she shut her heart against the voice and went on.

Helen's good angel lingered a moment longer, and then unfolding her drooping wings departed *forever*.

"It may be wrong for me to tell you, but I cannot bear that one so good and honorable, should be the dupe of such a girl as Mabel Thornton."

"Go on," he muttered, hoarsely.

"Nay, but I cannot go on, if you look at me in that way. It is hard enough to speak against one, who, with all her faults, was once my friend, without having to encounter such a gaze as yours."

He threw his head back on the sofa, saying, "There—you cannot see how I look now."

And she began:

"When we were school-girls, Mabel Thornton and I were bosom friends and *confidantes*. That is I was the repository of Mabel's secrets, for *I* never had any to tell; but *she* had always some love affair on hand, and would come to me for sympathy. I suppose nearly ten girls out of every twelve have the same experience that Mabel had up to her sixteenth year—her last at school. *I* am different. With me to love *once* is to love *forever*, and I never had a girlish love in my life."

An impatient movement from her listener betrayed that he considered this a digression. She went on feeling more bitterly than ever.

"The last year at school was nearly half over, when Mabel came to me one day saying she had something of the greatest importance to tell me. I expressed my anxiety to hear it, and having bound me to secrecy, she informed me she was going to be married. I laughed at the idea. 'Why, Mabel, you are only fifteen,' I said. 'Age can make no difference in my feelings, Helen,' was her reply, and then she said, 'do not laugh at me, Helen, for as truly as I stand beside you, before another month has passed, I will be the bride of one who, though regarded by my family with bitter animosity, is the dearest, best, and—" I will spare you a recital of all she said in favor of her new lover, who proved to be her cousin also."

"Richard Thornton?" he gasped, and when she answered in the affirmative, as he knew she would, he sprang from his seat and began hastily to walk the floor.

"Miss Helen, I am ashamed to acknowledge my weakness, even to you, but I *cannot* hear any more to-night. What I have already heard; what I dread to hear, has totally unmanned me, and I must beg you to tell me the rest to-morrow."

"It pains me as much to tell you as it does you to hear it, and I would much rather say no more on the subject; but if you *must* hear the rest, it will spare us both a great deal of pain for me to give you an account of all that followed in writing. It will be much easier for me to write than to speak. If you are willing, I will write ere I close my eyes this night a letter, which you shall receive the first thing in the morning."

"Keeping back nothing?" he asked, his eyes fixed steadily on her.

"Keeping back nothing," she repeated, and the cold, gray eyes never flushed beneath his gaze.

"It is well," he said, and without another word, without even bidding her good-night, he left her.

"He will never love her after this, and he will *hate* her when he has read what I shall have written," was Helen's thought as she seated herself to write the words, the remembrance of which not all the tears ever shed on earth would be able to wash out, the words which would one day appear in judgment against her.

It was an artfully woven tale, each circumstance of which she weighed well before recording. No flaw in it from beginning to end. A story calculated to destroy all faith in woman; to make him for whom it was written curse the day in which he was born.

Harry Mortimer read every word, and then went out into the bright sunlight, feeling that from henceforth the world would be all darkness to him.

Again he opened the letter, and read the confession Helen had put in Mabel's mouth, and which she asserted Mabel had made to her when she informed her of her engagment to himself:

"I do not love him, Helen. You, who know my character so well, must know that he is not one calculated to inspire me with the tender passion. But as I cannot wed him I *do* love, I am content to play My Lady Mortimer, and cover my aching heart with velvet and satin; to blaze in jewels, and to crush beneath my feet all who come in my way. My darling, too, shall share with me the glories unbounded wealth will bring. Harry will never dream that Richard and I feel more than a cousinly interest in each other, and as they are old friends, the world will not think it strange that he should be constantly in my home. It will cost him many a pang to see me the wife of another, but it will be wife in name only, for duty, submission, or love, my husband will never receive from me."

The next mail carried with it a letter to Mabel Thornton—the last she was ever to receive from him she loved so well.

The letter ran thus:

"When your eyes rest upon these pages, he who wrote them will be as dead to you as though he slumbered in his grave. Would to God he did slumber there, for then, and not until then, will his aching heart be at rest.

"I have learnt your perfidy, Mabel—it matters little how—and I write to tell you that all is over between us. I believed you pure as the angels in heaven, and I have found you—oh! my God! how have I found you! Do not add to your guilt by trying to excuse it. Let this be the last between us; any further communication would only be productive of more misery. Oh, Mabel! once so fondly loved—dear to me even now, in the hour in which I cast you off, in all your unworthiness, how miserably have I been deceived in you! Why could I not be content when a year ago you told me you could not love me, and leave you forever? Why did I linger near to tempt you? Heaven knows I am sufficiently punished for doing so. And now farewell. *It is the last time.* Think of me as one numbered with the dead, for never again shall your eyes rest upon the face of

"HARRY MORTIMER."

She read it through twice before she was able to comprehend the full extent of her wretchedness, and then—she was no heroine, dear reader—she did not fall into a swoon, nor did she rise up calmly, and with a fixed determination to live down her great sorrow in silence, to suffer and let no one be the wiser; but she threw herself upon her bed and cried as heartily as she had ever done in her childhood's days.

She could no more understand the letter than if it had been written in Hebrew, but she knew that she was losing him, and though pride would have prevented her, *love* was stronger than pride, and she wrote: "In mercy tell me of what you accuse me," and then she waited for the answer, which never came.

Helen Morrison, ascending the stairs on her way to her own apartments in the hotel, saw Lieutenant Mortimer's servant stop at the door of his room with the morning's mail. Saw, what he did not, that a letter, the smallest of them all, had slipped from his hand, and lay unnoticed in a dark corner of the hall. Recognized the delicate chirography, and seizing it, bore it to her own room, exclaiming:

"Was there ever anything so fortunate?"—read the single line the letter contained, and tossing it in the blazing grate, watched it as the flame devoured it.

She had gained nothing by her treachery, and yet she persisted in it. Harry Mortimer, she was forced at last to acknowledge, would never again place confidence in any woman. From the day he had received her letter, he had avoided her almost entirely; he did not seem to take pleasure even in the company of his mother and sister.

Helen was not sorry to leave Washington, and turning her face northward, she visited New York, where she remained during the winter. In the spring she returned home, and burning to tell of her conquests and the delightful life she had led, did not wait to be called on, but went at once to her friend, Addie Mortimer's.

Seated at the window, she saw slowly passing a tall white-haired gentleman, upon whose arm leaned a young girl who seemed to cling to him for support. Her friend entered, but she did not heed her greeting, as, drawing her to the window, she said in a tone of anguish:

"Tell me, Addie—oh! tell me—who the young girl with Mr. Thornton is."

Miss Mortimer's voice sank to a mournful cadence as she said:

"That, Helen, is all that remains of our friend *once*—Mabel Thornton."

The physicians read not Mabel's secret in her pale cheeks and wasting form, and pronounced her in a decline. Change of air was prescribed, but Mabel, always so gentle and yielding, was firm in her determination to remain at home, and the doctors were forced to admit that opposition to her wishes would be productive of more harm than the change would be of good.

The spring breezes indeed brought back a little of her old energy, and the careful attention she received did much for her. Her friends began to think there was a strong probability of her restoration to health; but Mabel herself felt that her life was slowly ebbing away.

"You are all so kind to me," she said, "that it seems strange I should be willing to leave you. I am not ungrateful, but oh, I long to be at rest."

CHAPTER VI.

The great battle so long expected came at last, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of the dreadful slaughter, and with lists of the killed and wounded.

Kind hands consigned to the flames each paper that bore amongst its list of wounded *his* name—"Lieutenant Mortimer, *mortally*"—and pitying eyes followed each movement of the unconscious girl.

"Why do you all look at me so strangely?" she asked. "If anything has happened, do not fear to tell me. Nothing has power to move me any more."

But they knew her better than she did herself, and mercifully withheld the fatal intelligence.

He had fallen "in the thickest of the fight," and kind though rough hands had borne him

from under the horse's hoofs—had placed him beneath a tree, and left him there to die."

When day closed the battle was over. Gloriously over for us, for the victory was ours.

Lieutenant Mortimer did not know whose hands had helped to bear him from the field—who it was that stanched his bleeding wounds, and ministered to his every want with nearly a woman's tenderness; but after many hours, when consciousness returned, and he opened his eyes, he beheld a bronzed face bending over him, with tears in the kindly beaming eyes, and recognized the friend of his boyhood—his rival in love—Richard Thornton.

The first words the captain spoke did more towards restoring his friend than all his careful nursing had done.

"I am a blunt fellow, Mortimer, and apt to speak out what I have on my mind. I have read your secret in your ravings, and a letter found in your hand, on the battle-field, has been still more of a revelation to me, and I tell you, my boy, that you have been the victim of a foul conspiracy, and that the woman who wrote that letter is as false as—"

The captain had been too long a soldier to be very particular as to the language he used, but we need not repeat it.

The letter he had read was the one Helen had written to Mortimer, which she had entreated him to destroy, but which he had kept for the purpose of helping him to steel his heart against Mabel.

Captain Thornton laid his finger on the lips of his friend, who was about to speak, and said:

"No—I am not going to allow you to say a word. The doctor orders 'perfect quiet' for you. I know what I am saying will do you no harm, but I intend to do all the talking myself. Let me see," he said, referring to the letter. "The writer here states that Mabel Thornton was engaged to and about to elope with a certain Richard Thornton, on the 18th day of January, 1861. Now, the said Richard Thornton is willing to make oath, that on the 18th day of January, 1861, he had never even seen the said Mabel Thornton. That he visited B——— for the first time, and also met the said Mabel Thornton for the first time, the following October. That he had immediately become a favorite with the whole family, and firm friends with the said Mabel, but that he had never breathed a word of love to her then or at any other time, and had never felt any other than a cousinly affection for her. And the said Richard Thornton will furthermore swear that he never again visited B——— in single blessedness, but that a year after his first visit, he had gone thither accompanied by a blushing young creature who had rejoiced in the title of Mrs. Richard Thornton but three weeks. And if all this does not put you on your feet again, Lieutenant Mortimer, Richard Thornton will think you are not half a man, and feel sorry he ever took any interest in you."

"I *must* say this much, Dick," his friend replied in a feeble voice, "that you have made me the happiest man on earth. If I die you must tell Mabel that my eyes were opened at last, and that I died blessing her name, and bitterly regretting the injustice I had done her."

"Pooh! pooh! who talks of *dying!* Why, my boy, you will be going home on a furlough, in a day or two, and you and Mabel will be as happy as a pair of turtle doves.

But there was no going home for Lieutenant Mortimer; his friends were sent for instead, and into their hands Richard Thornton resigned him. A few days later he stood in the drawing-room of the Thornton's clasping in his arms the wasted form of his cousin.

"Can you bear sad news, dear Mabel?" he asked, placing in her hand a slip of paper, and watching her uneasily as she read the brief message.

"Come to me, my own Mabel. It is the dying request of him who loved you so fondly, who wronged you so greatly; but who has repented so sincerely."

She laid her hand in his and said, with a terrible unnatural calmness,

"I will go with you;" and passed with unfaltering steps from the room.

It was in vain that her parents and friends assured her the trial would be too great for her. She told them no power on earth could keep her from him now, and they reluctantly let her depart.

* * * * * * *

The wounded officer lay in a darkened room, surrounded by all the comforts love could suggest or wealth procure. Soft white hands wiped the moisture from his brow, and raised the cooling draught to his lips from time to time. There was a slight stir without, and he opened his eyes and inquired eagerly for the hundredth time, "Has she come?"

The door opened softly; and with the same unnatural calmness that she had exhibited from the moment she had read his summons, Mabel entered. But when she beheld him lying before her so calm, and white, and still, she believed she was *too late*, and with a shriek of anguish threw herself upon his breast; and the long restrained tears at last gushed forth. They tried to take her away, fearing the effect so much excitement upon him, but the feeble arms stiffening in death held her fast, and the failing voice said,

"Let her remain, she cannot do me any harm now. Leave us to ourselves."

When the door closed on them, he drew her more closely to him, and said,

"Oh, Mabel! mine in the last hour of my life. Can you forget the pain I have caused you? Can you forgive me for blighting your young life, for making you what you are—so different from the bright, happy Mabel I knew a year ago?"

And she could only press her lips to his and moan,

"Oh! my darling, my darling."

"Do not weep so, Mabel, I am not afraid to die. Have you not often said it is a *glorious* thing to die for one's country? But for leaving you, dearest, I am not sorry to go—and you will come soon; our separation will not be for long; and when we meet in Heaven, it will be all joy and peace forever."

They found her an hour later, lying where they had left her; but she was as insensible to all around her as the cold form of him upon whose bosom she rested for the last time.

Contrary to the expectations of physicians and friends, Mabel Thornton still lives. Not dragging out a weary existence, or murmuring that her days have been lengthened out far beyond her desires, but doing the duty nearest her, she is calmly *waiting* for the hour of her departure, knowing that it is now very near at hand.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. M. Cunningham, FREDERICK R. SHELTON, of Birmingham, Conn., to TILLIE, daughter of the late Jas. H. Hart, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN B. LUDKENBURGH, of Del. county, to Miss SARAH A. GOOD, of Berks county.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM ARNOLD to Miss MARY A. BECK, both of this city.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. DAVID H. NEALEY to Miss ANNA M. SHEPHERD, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. GUSTAVE EVERETS to Miss SARAH T. THORNBURG.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, HENRY COWIE, of Detroit, to EMMA W. WOOD, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JAMES L. DORNAN to Miss SUSAN V. DUNLAP, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOB DAVIS to Miss ANNA E. TAYLOR, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of 6th month, AMOS ELDRIDGE, of Marlonville, Forest county, Pa., aged 31 years and 5 days. Camden and Woodbury papers please copy.

On the 12th instant, THEODORE H. NEWELL, in his 33d year.

On the 12th instant, GEORGE P. CLAY, in his 71st year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. AARON CAMPBELL, of the 13th Pa. Cavalry.

On the 11th instant, MRS. ANNA WATTS, in her 77th year.

On the 11th instant, in Washington City, Dr. WILLIAM WHELAN, U. S. N.

On the 10th instant, LEAH SOPER, in her 83d year.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS MADDOCK, in his 62d year.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM LEE, in his 70th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
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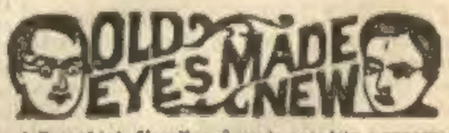

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdotes of a Family Physician.

A foxhunter, somewhat stricken in years, consulted Dr. Abernethy. The man's digestion was not so good as it had been. He had lost his appetite; a man delighted him not, nor woman either. "Sir," said Abernethy, "you drink a great deal." "Now," said the foxhunter, when relating the interview, "now, supposing I do drink a good deal, what the devil was that to him?"

A literary gentleman called upon him. He, too, had a disordered stomach. "Of course you have," said Abernethy, "a half-blind man could tell that by your nose."

He used to have his wine of a merchant whose name was Lloyd. He one day called to pay for a pipe, and thrust a handful of papers containing fees into the wine merchant's hand. "Stop, stop, Doctor, there may be much more here than you have to pay." "Never mind, Lloyd. I can't stop. You have them as I had them."

He was very careless of money. He would receive a heavy fee, place the money on the table, and forget all about it. "Lead me not into temptation" is the holiest, because the humblest prayer. Some few of his pupils were led into temptation. The loss of money was so considerable that the surgeon determined to ascertain who was the delinquent. He marked the money, and appearing suddenly before his pupils said, "Now, young gentlemen, be pleased to show me your purses." The thieves were discovered and dismissed.

He was one day about to perform an operation—a very painful one. As was his custom, he took care to see for himself that all the required instruments were at hand, and in first-rate order. "I think everything is all right," said one of his assistants. "No, sir, everything is not all right," replied Dr. Abernethy. "Get a napkin to conceal those terrifying instruments. The man need not be horrified by the sight."

The memory of Dr. Abernethy was singularly active and tenacious. A friend of a poetical turn of mind composed some verses complimentary of Mrs. Abernethy, which he recited after dinner on her natal day. Abernethy listened attentively, and immediately after the reading terminated exclaimed, "Come, that is a good joke, to attempt passing those verses off as your original composition. I know them by heart;" and Abernethy at once repeated them without the mistake of a word. The poet was astounded, mystified, angry! The amused host explained, and offered to repeat *verbatim* any piece of about the same length which any one in the company would recite.

A Strange Story.

The present fashion of selecting odd phrases and mottoes as the titles for novels is open to much ridicule. A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat has sent the following as the result of the cursory perusal of a publisher's circular:

"Belial," feeling somewhat "Alone in the World," bethought himself of taking a stroll. He passed "House by the Churchyard," and, after trampling down the "Wheat and Tares," emerged "By the Sea." There, as it were, advancing "Against Wind and Tide," he spied "Beneath the Surface," "Breakers Ahead." This was "A Bad Beginning"—a kind of "Notice to Quit;" so he turned into "Belforest," and encountered "Some Famous Girls," (both "Black and White,") who have since become "Famous Women." He was introduced to "A Woman of Spirit by a Woman Without." He beheld "Eleanor's Victory" and "Christian's Mistake," and heard "Carry's Confession." "Here be 'Shattered Idols' and 'Singed Moths'" quoth he: "Grasp Your Nettle," but "Look Before You Leap," for "Who Breaks, Pays." Eleanor was "Put to the Test," Christian was "Paid in Full," and Carry was "Recommended to Mercy." It was just the "Darkest before Dawn," but Belial perceived "The Woman in White" ("Moulded out of Faults,") fighting with "The Man in Chains," and "How to Manage it" she did not know. "Once and Again" she seemed "Lost and Saved," but at last she inflicted "The Cruellest Wrong of All" and fled, crying out "Quits!" "A Life for a Life!" and he was "Left to the World," "Alone." "It was to be," and "Such Things Are;" for though "Wondrous Strange," they are "Too Strange not to be True."

Hans Breitman's Party.

Hans Breitman gif a barty—I fell'd in lofe mit a Mirican frau. Her name was Madilda Yane. She hat haar as proun as a pretzel bun; der eyes were himmel plue; and ven she looket inter mine dey shplit my heart in dwo. I valst mit der pooty Madilda Yane and vent shplinner rount and rount. De pootiest freilein in der hous—she vayed pout xwei hoondret bound. Hans Breitman gif a barty—I tells you it gost him dear. Doy rolt in more as seven kegs of lager bier—und ven dey knock de shpicket in, der Deutchman gifs a cheer so loud as anyting. Hans Breitman gif a barty. Dere all was souse and brouse. Vent de sooper oem on, der gombany did make demselves to house. Dey ate das Brot and Gensybroost, der Bratwoost und Braten fine, und wash das Abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckarwein. Hans Breitman gif a barty, und ve all got troonk as bigs: den I poot mine ment to a parrel of bier, und schwallowed it oop mit schwigs; und den I gissed Madilda Yane, und den she schlap me on der kop mit a shtick, und der gombany fight mit tapel lecks dll der watchman made them schtop. Hans Breitman gif a barty; vere ish da barty, now? Vere ish de lofely golten cloudt dat float on der mountain's prow? Ver ish der himmelstrahlende stern—de schtar of de spirit's light—all gone'd afay mit der lager bier—afay indar Evigeit.

FASTIDIOUS TASTES.—In the exhibition of dogs now taking place in Paris are several snow-white lap dogs. Each has a little room to itself, the sides lined with rose or blue satin, trimmed with lace and ruches of ribbon, and the *garden* gravely informed me that several declined their food unless served on a silver plate. One of these kennels is a regular dressing-room, worthy of a descendant of Ninon de l'Enclos, brushes, combs, sponges, puffs and perfumes being scattered about it. The occupant of this elegant apartment is a white Havana dog.

☞ Why is a photographic album like the drainer of a bar-counter? Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

LIZZIE.—"I want some toffee."
MAMMA.—"*Coffee*—not *toffee!* Toffy's made of sugar—and butter—and treacle—and—."
LIZZIE.—"Then, I'll have some!"

PAT AND HIS PIG.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula, was trudging along the road with a pig tied to a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Canford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, general?" exclaimed Paddy, turning round with the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain." "Well, then, I protest, general," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box." The general smiled and rode on.

A MUSICAL MAN.—Among a lot of passengers was a graceless personage, who amused himself and annoyed the others by roaring forth fragments of negro melodies, and such like musical bits. All at once it seemed to strike him that his performances were not appreciated. "Ladies," he remarked to the passengers generally, "p'raps my singing isn't agreeable to you." The suggestion was agreed to, *nem con.* "I'm sorry you don't like it; but I do; and, when I travel, I always make a point to enjoy myself. That's what I travel for, I do. I'm sorry you don't like music; but I don't see how I can help it!" So saying, he struck up another "melody."

A LITTLE GIRL, about four years old, and a little boy, about six, had been cautioned not to take away the nest eggs; but one morning, when they went for the egg, the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother! Mother! Susey's been and got the egg the old hen measured by!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PLAIN TALK FOR FARMERS.

That's the talk, Mr. Cosmo—just the very thing that we require—plain, sound, commonsense talk for plain, commonsense people. Not that we of the corn and clover regions are all Patagonians or Hottentots by any means, understanding nothing above the standard of barnyard provincialism, but the manifold duties of the practical farmer permits him but infrequent opportunities of delving out from hidden depths obscure meanings and absurd phraseology.

Quite a number of our writers upon agricultural subjects are over fond of a classical display of unfamiliar words, seeming to think that when they have mystified, puzzled and fairly bewildered us, they have thrust us per force into the highway of education. That is their mistake. Of all the classes that go to make up the great body politic, farmers are less willing to submit to metaphysical teaching than any other.

There are at the present time half a score of the very ablest agricultural writers in the country, literally throwing away every paragraph they write, so far as the great mass of the agricultural community is concerned, simply because their flight is pertinaciously maintained quite out of range of our pigeon-shot possibilities.

A man may write ever so beautifully, and have his essays copied to the world's end, and he has achieved no good so far as we delvers in the soil are concerned, provided he persists in clothing his ideas in æsthetical beauty only.

Now I am of the popular opinion that prevails universally throughout the rural regions, that there are in the English language a sufficient number of plain, practical words, perfectly adapted to our understanding to convey all the intelligence needed by farmers without ever resorting to Latin, Greek or Anglo-Saxon blinders. If one wishes to assure us that a certain substance is *caustic*, why not use that very word instead of inflicting *escharotic* upon us, which we perhaps believing to be Low Dutch never take the trouble to hunt out the meaning of. Or intending to have us understand that a furlong is forty rods, why does he use the—to us—barbarianism—*stadium?* So as to have us not understand. If he would have us prune the ends of the small fibrous roots of a plant or shrub, it were better to tell us so in understandable English, instead of saying anything about *spongioles*, lest in our ignorance we cut away every branch of the shrub that the thing we don't know what is shall not escape us. If we wish to say that a fruit or a girl is blushing red, why not use those very words? they are quite proper, and would be understood in the clover regions four hundred and fifty times where *erubescent* would not once.

Somebody is going to give us a really good article upon the apple tree worm, or tent caterpillar, and commences with—C-l-i-s-i-o-o-s-m-p-n-e *Americana*—"O murder! We have not got any of those long-tailed things," we say, and so don't read a word of the communication.

In conclusion, agricultural writers, wont you be pleased to adapt your style in a measure to our capacity? You will earn our thanks and secure thousands of readers where you have one now.

Glenalvan, June, 1865. R. RURAL.

OVERBEARING.

No doubt a great deal might be profitably written and read upon the subject of social and moral overbearing among humanity. But that not happening to be properly within our province, we don't mean anything of the kind by our caption. What we do mean, and intend to discuss briefly, is the frequent disposition of fruit-trees—especially the peach, to overbear, and its ruinous results.

Vegetation is not so distinctively different from the animal creation, that it is never effected by an over burden. On the contrary take the whole fruit range of the United States, and it is probable that quite as many fruit trees are injured, partially, or entirely ruined by an over product of fruit at some period of their existence as from all other causes combined.

Pears, plums, cherries, and the small fruits generally do not suffer visibly to any great extent from the effects of overbearing. Nevertheless they are all silent, secret sufferers from their own indiscretion. The currant will endure and sustain its prolific habits better than any other of our fruit trees or shrubs—the peach tree the worst. A peach tree which will the present season overbear to any considerable extent, will have exhausted so much of its vital energies in its maternal solicitude to perfect its monstrous progeny, that it will be left so enervated and enfeebled that it makes but sorry battle for its existence against the vicissitudes of our changeable climate, and if it manages to survive the severities of the succeeding six months, it will have gone into a decline, from which it can only be rescued by the most careful nursing, and a condition of forced barrenness for from three to five years to come.

Hence whenever we chance to see a fruit-grower propping up the overladened branches of his trees, we think to ourself and feel very much like saying to him—"Sir, in your overgreediness to secure a maximum produce of fruit for this one season you are foolishly assisting your trees to commit suicide."

Now, as a general thing, the laws of compensation are universal. Nature always looks to contingencies, and so far as she can provides for them. Take the peach tree for instance. There are so many fatalities to which the fruit in its earlier stages is liable, that when Nature suggested to the tree the necessity of putting on five thousand blossoms, she looked to contingencies, and calculated that from the five thousand blossoms there would come to maturity twelve hundred peaches. If an undue proportion of the fruit has escaped the vicissitudes to which Nature looked for their destruction, it is for us to relieve the overladened tree of its burden by thinning out the surplus fruit.

The expense of reducing the quantity of fruit on an apple or peach tree to such as the tree can best nourish and bring to perfection, and remain itself in a healthy, bearing condition, is scarcely more than that required to supply and put up props, and we have gained infinitely more in the quality of our fruit, than we have lost in quantity.

The fruit, growing beyond the reach of the hand, may be expeditiously removed by means of a common 1½ inch firmer chisel fitted to a light, long handle. Thin the outer branches of peach, and the inner ones of apple trees most liberally, as inferior fruit is borne in those localities.

HAYING TIME.

As about this time the hay makers ought to begin to be a field, it will be well for every man who is going to cut, and cure, and put away for winter supply, a single ton of hay, to know—and quite as well for those who do know, to remember, that the sooner any of the kinds of hay is brought into proper condition to go into winter quarters after being cut the better. The first, and always essential requisite to bring about this condition, is to have the grass thoroughly and evenly spread over the surface as fast as it is cut.

The old time rule of suffering a day's mowing to lie in the swath twenty-four hours, two days more to bake and dry into tastelessness after being spread, and a week in five hundred pound cocks before putting into the barn or stack, is a barbarian practice that ought to have become obsolete everywhere long since.

As a general rule, in clear weather, all the hay cut up to noon each day may be safely housed before night, and will be all the better for being thus hurriedly disposed of, provided a proper condition has been obtained. This condition is not the result of drying, and baking, and burning the material to the consistency of a chip, but rather in a sufficient "bleeding" and uniform *wilting* of the mass.

Now where there is any very considerable amount of hay to be cured and put away, to accomplish this desideratum by manual labor, would be an impossibility. But with one of Bullard's *Patent Hay Tedders*, costing $100, and any of the improved hay rakes and horse forks, the work is easily enough achieved.

As a literal *hay maker*, the merits of Bullard's Tedder are superior to those of any other implement used in or about hay making. Where forty tons of hay are to be cured, the machine will more than pay for itself in a single season. We have tested its merits, and declare only what we know as a fact. Farmers, consult your best hay making interests, and address—Silas C. Herring, 251 Broadway, New York.

As it is computed by those who figure closely in the premises, that quite one-third of all the hay cut in this country, is either badly damaged or entirely ruined, by slovenly management, perhaps it will be good policy for every hay maker everywhere to get very wide awake, and put in practice all he knows and all he can learn on the subject. Remember it costs you just as much to make bad hay as good—a great deal more sometimes.

LOOK AFTER THE FRUIT TREES.

Now is the time to be on the alert, and look after the welfare of your fruit trees. From this date to about the last of July, the whole legion of horticultural pests are out on their summer campaign. Consequently this is the most proper season to wage successful war upon the invaders.

Dissolve in six gallons of water one pound of concentrated lye, stir in five to six pounds of any kind of foul grease, add three pints of coal oil, and swab thoroughly with the wash the trunks of all kinds of fruit trees from the ground as high up as you can reach. We will warrant it to kill nits, and eggs, and bugs, and worms innumerable, and improve the general health of the tree.

Go after the tent caterpillar with any kind of blazing torch fixed to a pole. You will find them all in at night, and can easily burn *every* worm of them out of house and home, and your orchard.

Pursue the peach tree borer with a sharp stick—no, the sharp end of an old file is the thing. Wherever you find a blister of gum exuding, bore in, you'll find a borer there—or ought to. Bore him to death without mercy, and dab into the wound a pinch of common brown soap.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CLAM CULTURE.

"Cultivating *clams!* Why, sissy, clams grows theirselves, in the sand, along the sea-shore, and we digs 'em out; clams don't never get hoed and cultivated, like corn and pertaters."

That's what Uncle Bart said one day, when he saw me in the kitchen with a great pan full of clams, and heard me say something about cultivating them for dinner.

"Yes, I know that about clams, Uncle Bart, but don't you see, cultivation does not always imply ploughing and hoeing and digging. All improvement is cultivation. So you see, if I can in any manner improve the condition of these clams, I shall have cultivated them."

"Why, yes, so you will, Maddie, if that's part of what the word means. But how are you going to do it? I don't see."

"No, uncle, not just now, very likely. But you shall, if you will only look on and listen. Just look here in this pan, now. You see I have laid all these clams on their backs, with their faces turned upwards, and every clam of them has got his mouth gaped wide open, wanting a drink—great drinkers, clams are, always thirsty. Well, in this tin kettle I have got a generous drink for them—something that they like. I am going to treat them. In this quart of new, sweet milk, I have stirred thoroughly a quarter of a pound of corn starch, dissolved two spoonfuls of clean brown sugar, salted to my taste and the clams', and sifted in a pinch of pepper.

"Now, you see with this big kitchen spoon I dribble in the drink gently, so as not to frighten the clams and cause them to close their jaws. They will suck in the liquid greedily, losing a good deal of it, of course, at first, but I shall remedy that directly. When the material has been all fed out, the clams will have sucked in quite one half of it, the remainder being in the bottom of the pan, I place a pot lid over it, so that the clams shall not tumble out, and turn the liquid back into the kettle. The jar, in doing this, has made the clams *shut up*, you see. But they will be all agape again directly, and then I feed them again. So in about half an hour I get my thickened milk all down the clams' throats.

"Then I let them lie till forty minutes or so before dinner time, and then murder them all in a second, by doucing them into a kettle of boiling water. After boiling ten minutes, I remove them from the shell, drop them into the usual Indian or wheaten batter, and fry brown. That's what I call cultivating clams, uncle."

"Well, I do believe that will do it, Maddie. But I say, child, what's that you're at now? Goin' to manner-facterin' starch?"

"No, not quite, Uncle Bart, but as you are so fond of fried things, and we are going to have fried clams for dinner, I thought I would treat you to a sample of my

FRIED POTATOES.

"You see, Uncle Bart, I take the largest, soundest potatoes I can get, (I think the white Mercers preferable to all others for the purpose,) wash them clean, pare them as thin as possible, so as to save as much as I can of the starch. Then I wash them again, and grate them up, just as we do for starch, drain off the water pretty dry, pour in new milk, dredge in a teacupful of flour, season with salt and pepper, boil the batter in a bag for fifteen minutes, and then fry in a cake until the potatoes are done to a nice, bright brown."

"Well, I *do say*, Maddie, you are the oddest cook that I ever knowed—always fixing up such queer dishes. But somehow they allers taste good."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 11, 7, 9, is an ornament.
My 13, 15, 5, 3, is a flower.
My 2, 7, 13, is a part of the head.
My 3, 4, 9, 12, 5, is the name of a traitor.
My 6, 2, 12, 13, is close at hand.
My 5, 4, 13, 11, is certain.
My 5, 16, 13, 12, 14, 9, is by the sea.
My 15, 8, 11, is a numeral.
My 1, 11, 9, is a place of repose.
My 6, 2, 7, 13, is a sign of sorrow.
My 14, 15, 6, 11, is a short writing.
My 9, 4, 5, 16, is often very annoying.
My 13, 15, 4, 6, 2, is a way.
My 10, 15, 15, 13, 6, is a stronghold.
My 13, 2, 7, 9, is what you do now.
My whole is a noble precept from Shakspeare. B. J. H.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One morning I wandered down to the mole,
My *first* in beauty before me lay;
A sweet dream of peace came over my soul,
I thought of my friends who were far away.
Then down to the shore came a group of men,
Who to gain their bread did use my *third*,
And as they worked with a will, it was then
A sound expressed by my *second* I heard.
And as I walked home, I thought of the wives
Whose husbands by my *whole* had lost their lives. GAHMEW.
Tallahoma, Tenn.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a kind of grain.
Behead me, and I am a powerful agent.
Behead again, and I am what we all do.
Behead again, and I am a preposition.
Omit my 1 and 3, and I am an article of apparel.
Omit my 3, and I am a relative pronoun.
Omit my 4, and I am a verb.
Omit my 2 and 4, and I am an adjective.
Omit my 2, 4, and 5, and I am a pronoun.
Omit my 1, 4, and 5, and I am a pronoun.
Omit my 1 and 2, and transpose, and I am a beverage.
Omit my 1 and 4, and transpose, and I am an article.
Omit my 3, and transpose, and I am a verb.
Omit my 3 and 5, and transpose, and I am a command.
Omit my 4 and 5, and transpose, and I am a verb.
Omit my 1, and transpose, and I am an unholy feeling.
Omit my 2 and 5, and transpose, and I am a sublime sensation.
Omit my 1 and 2, and transpose, and I am a verb, first, past, indicative.
Omit my 1, 3 and 5, and transpose, and I am an interjection. J. R. T.
Forest, Ohio.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mechanical contrivance is erected at the edge of the water of the Mississippi, the object of which is to project *balls* into the air. Now, there is a solid white-oak ball, the diameter of which is 20 inches. This ball was projected upward at an angle of 65 degrees, and described 150 feet the first second. The rapidity of the stream being 4 miles per hour. Required, the distance described by the ball until it struck the water, and to what depth it sank into the water; also, how far it floated down stream until it rose to the surface.

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The angles of a certain spherical triangle are respectively 130, 110, and 100 degrees; the diameter of the sphere is 6 feet. Required the square feet of surface in this spherical triangle.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Ans.—Because he is a Sea King (seeking) what never existed.

☞ Why is dough like the sun? Ans.—Because when it rises it is light.

☞ What is the difference between an utterer of spurious coin and a false heir? Ans.—One issues a counterfeit, and the other counterfeits an issue.

☞ In what key should a lover write a proposal of marriage? Ans.—Be mine, ah! (B minor.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Annette M. Lewis, Covington, Kenton Co., Kentucky. RIDDLE—Mother. CHARADE—Idaho, (Eye-day-hoe.) CHARADE—Mississippi, (Miss-sis-sip-pie.)

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM, April 22d:—Whole distance travelled, 1018.828 miles, distance travelled the last day, 14.0018 miles.—Morgan Stevens, J. N. Soders, and Jas. M. Greenwood.

To Capt. L. B. Chester's, same date:—9663.597 times as large as B.—J. N. Soders, and J. M. Greenwood.

To W. Siverly's, same date:

56	55	43	31	19	7	116	104	92	80	68
69	57	45	44	32	20	8	117	105	93	81
82	70	58	46	34	33	21	9	118	106	94
95	83	71	59	47	35	23	22	10	119	107
108	96	84	72	60	48	36	24	12	11	120
121	109	97	85	73	61	49	37	25	13	1
2	111	110	98	86	74	62	50	38	26	14
15	3	112	100	99	87	75	63	51	39	27
28	16	4	113	101	89	88	76	64	52	40
41	29	17	5	114	102	90	78	77	65	53
54	42	30	18	6	115	103	91	79	67	66

H. C. STROW.
Milton Centre, Wood Co., Ohio.

We have answers to same from Morgan Stevens, Mattie Mitchell, J. N. Soders, and others.